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THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH—obstreperous, critical, idealistic, Utopian; and eternally cleansing and salutary—crops out where it is most needed and least expected. Down in the State of Georgia, usually reckoned one of the smuggest and backwardest of States, the students have come forward, the Columbus *Enquirer-Sun* tells us, with a magnificent protest against the proposal to instal a party politician as the new chancellor of the University of Georgia.

> Even the dimmest suspicion [the students say] that a chancellor owed his place to any type of selfish political trading would immediately turn his most wholesome words to stale clabber. . . .
>
> For our next chancellor we are asking of you a man even better than the one who was chosen for us last. It is a hard request, but we are youngsters, and we want the world. Does the whole United States not offer what we need? We beg you to give us a man who, more than being pure and lovable and wise, is boldly aggressive and comprehendingly aware of every phase of contemporary life and thought, whether here or yonder.

This remarkable document, drawn up as a petition to the university trustees and adopted unanimously at a student mass meeting, also contains meditations upon the State of Georgia in 1925 which evidence an unusually healthy spirit of self-criticism:

> The position of a young Georgian in the year 1925 is not the easiest one to be fancied. We approach maturity with jostlings which, it would seem to us, are peculiarly violent. Growing up for the most part in a happy fulsomeness of State pride, we begin as students to encounter facts which make that pride less and less sure of itself. In one field of laudable activity after another Georgia foots the list—that is the truth.

THESE GEORGIA STUDENTS happen to have expressed their protest particularly well on a particularly significant occasion; but the same ferment is at work all across the land. The Detroit *Free Press* reports a senior at the University of Michigan who experimented upon his fellow-students by wearing a batwing collar upon the campus, and then wrote to the *Michigan Daily* berating the sheep-like conformity of the students who laughed or indignantly protested at this departure from the Michigan sartorial standard. The majority, he will learn, is always and everywhere sheep-like, but now and again, as in Georgia, it turns and follows new leaders. The Northwestern University campus, too, is reported to have been stirred by a passionate editorial headed We Are Tired. Many, many years after the Senate has come to the support of the League of Nations, the editors of the *Daily Northwestern* predict, the students will rise up and say:

> We are tired!
>
> We are tired of this everlasting blah-blah about a winning football team.
>
> We are tired of having a football coach who trains forty men and receives as large a salary as four instructors who teach one particular subject to six hundred students. . . .
>
> We are tired of having alumni come back and say what a fine halfback there is in Podunk High School and can't we find a job for him. . . .
>
> We are tired of this stadium bunk whereby 50,000 spectators watch 22 men—or rather employees—battle for supremacy.
>
> We are tired of being told that Northwestern needs more men.

We are inspired, not tired, by these outspeaking students.

THE LIFE OF A COLLEGE PROFESSOR, once regarded as one of serenity and security, is anything but that nowadays. He is assailed by preachers and patriots, by busybodies and Bryans, until his only safety lies in not having any opinions and in confining his teaching to the multiplication-table. During the last few years there have been at least three lines of attack upon the independence and self-respect of teachers both in our colleges and in the public schools. During and just after our participation in the World War there was a surveillance of teachers with a view to driving out those of pro-German, pacifist, or radical sympathies. This ate into institutions of even the highest scholastic standing, like Columbia University, and later led to the iniquitous Lusk bills—fortunately defeated—for the control of public-school teachers in New York. Then there developed the attack upon textbooks of American history and their writers, aimed in general at the suppression of all facts—no matter how well authenticated—which tended to "belittle" the heroes or exploits of the Revolutionary War. In response to this attack a good many publishers—more careful for profits than for their integrity—modified their textbooks. Finally came the medieval attack upon

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modern science, which led to widespread meddling, including a State law against textbooks teaching evolution in Tennessee and a ruling by the North Carolina State Board of Education that evolution should not be taught in the public schools.

NOW THE CIRCLE seems to have been completed and the heresy-hunters have come back to the attack upon teachers of radical or progressive tendencies. This time the seat of trouble is Ohio. A resolution has been introduced into the legislature for an investigation of the three State-supported institutions of higher education: Ohio State University at Columbus, Ohio University at Athens, and Miami University at Oxford. The resolution provides that

> No part of the money appropriated for the support of State colleges or schools shall be paid to any teacher thereof who has been publicly active in any socialist, atheist, communist, or other organization of revolutionists, or who is known to be a member of a body whose teachings have encouraged efforts to overturn the government of the United States.

The intention of this resolution to drive out of State institutions any teachers who are even members of the Socialist Party—without regard to their teachings or expressed opinions—is, of course, a direct assault upon freedom of political belief. The combination with this of a ban upon atheism is the introduction of a religious test into education, in violation of all the fundamental concepts of our government. If this kind of thing is allowed to go on, every teacher of ideas and intelligence will soon withdraw or be driven out of the profession; there will be nobody left except the dunderheads too timid or stupid to arouse the fears of any political or religious bigot.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has done precisely what *The Nation* has urged that he should: After consultation with Senator Borah and Secretary Kellogg he has asked the latter to move at once toward feeling out the Great Powers with a view to convoking another naval disarmament conference in the late summer or early fall. That is excellent, and so are the President's instructions to the Secretary of State to prepare a careful agenda. It was Mr. Hughes's skill and wisdom in presenting a concrete proposition to the Washington Conference which insured its immediate prestige and the measure of success it achieved. Mr. Kellogg should pattern after Mr. Hughes; he should also boldly add limitation of aircraft to the program. Mr. Borah and the President wish it understood that they cannot guarantee that the proposed conference will be held, but it is certainly encouraging that Mr. Borah is to be a delegate if the conference comes about. There is now a willingness to hold the conference elsewhere than in Washington should it seem wise and tactful to do so—the Hague might well prove to be the fitting place. A will to victory is what is most needed. If the President puts his heart into the task and compels Mr. Kellogg to do the same, we believe that the conference will come to pass and achieve vital results. Even if France refuses to join, the conference should go on; the world's progress toward disarmament must not be blocked by one recalcitrant nation.

AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN broke through war-time inhibitions when he made his bold speech on European security the other day. "I am convinced," he said, "that the German Government is making a sincere and honest attempt to lead to a better state of things." He indorsed the German proposals—to give a new guaranty of the permanency of the Western frontier laid down in the Treaty of Versailles, and, while not renouncing all hope of modifying the Eastern frontier, to renounce all idea of recourse to war as a means to that end. These proposals, by far the most statesmanlike suggestion which has yet come from Doctor Stresemann, are a novelty in their simplicity and frankness. Of course Germany hopes to see the Eastern frontier changed; to ask her to deny that wish is to ask her to falsify. But Allied policy has been concentrated on such a denial. What more than this pledge of peaceful action can the Allies wish? English opinion, without regard to party, seems to be supporting Mr. Chamberlain; French opinion is somewhat at sea. One group demands as ironclad a guaranty of the Polish frontier as is given in the West; another group demands that before any mutual-security pact be discussed Germany be "forced" to enter the League. That is a change of front which will bear watching. Meanwhile the German Nationalists are heftily attacking the proposal because it would constitute a voluntary renunciation of Alsace-Lorraine. But their ardor has not convinced a majority of the German voters; the first round of the election to choose Ebert's successor as President gave Jarres, the Nationalist candidate, 10,400,000 votes, more than any other candidate; but the combined republican parties, which will unite at the next round of the election, had a total of more than 13,000,000.

IS THERE PROSPERITY in the country? The Cabinet, so the press reports, is on the whole well satisfied. The Secretary of Labor is certain that there is only seasonal unemployment and that wage scales are being adjusted to changed conditions without strikes or serious labor disturbances. Secretary Mellon reported to the President that generally healthy conditions exist with nothing likely to develop in the near future to disturb the markets. It is true that the Cabinet is reported worried about the "speculative markets," and that the Treasury is studying the Wall Street situation with a view to determining whether the speculation, now said to be declining, should not be discouraged. When the market was booming of course the Cabinet was not in the least bit worried whether money rates or other conditions made that wild speculation possible. It would seem, however, that there are conditions which might give pause to a Cabinet assuring the public that the so-called barometer industries are enjoying a fair prosperity. The failure of the St. Paul railroad is striking, and there is a slackening in the automobile industry, while the last report of the Steel Corporation sent the Wall Street market tumbling. Some of the railroads report fine earnings; but the Union Pacific's net earnings in February dropped 47 per cent as compared with February of 1923. The Pennsylvania iron and steel situation is far from satisfactory; the slight rally after the election has nearly faded away. Textiles are still in a slump, and so it goes. It is a curiously uneven situation with great prosperity in some spots and dulness in others.

THE PRESIDENT'S RECESS APPOINTMENT of Thomas F. Woodlock to the Interstate Commerce Commission can only widen the breach between him and the Senate. Before the Senate voted on the Warren nomination

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it was believed in Washington that the President had by throwing Woodlock overboard won enough votes to obtain confirmation for Warren. But the Senate twice rejected Mr. Warren and twice refused to act on Mr. Woodlock's case. When it reconvenes, it will surely be heard from on this nomination. Meanwhile, the President continues his policy of emasculating the important commissions which were established to control big business. The President's friends call it "ironing out the differences in the commissions" and "making them practical and workable." The Federal Trade Commission, since the reactionary Mr. Humphreys was added to it, has revised its rules of procedure. Henceforth the commission will deal only with those cases in which the "interests of the public are substantially involved," and respondents are always to be given a hearing before any complaint is issued; the comforting assurance is given that cases will be dismissed if there is voluntary abandonment of the "unfair practice." Two cases have already been dropped under the new rules, and 80 per cent of the number of complaints will, it is expected, be done away with. The onus of the attack is to be upon the unfair practice rather than upon the individual. This means that the teeth have been taken out of the commission. If the liberal Senate minority is awake to its duties there will be further political fighting next fall.

WHILE THE LEGISLATURES have been lifting the age at which children might leave school for the factories, scant attention has been paid to the age of marriage. The Russell Sage Foundation, studying child marriages, finds that fourteen States, including New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, permit a girl to be married at an age at which she could not get working papers; indeed, cases exist in which parents have deliberately married off girls at twelve or thirteen or fourteen to avoid their legal responsibility of supporting them while in school. In the United States there are close to 700,000 persons who were married as children of less than sixteen or were married to such child brides; and the records, including the recent evidence brought out in hearings before the Bronx Grand Jury in New York City, show that these very early marriages are likely to be brief and unhappy. Contrary to popular belief child marriages are no commoner among immigrants than among the native-born; they are, in fact, much more common among the children of American-born parents than among the children of immigrants living in the same communities. Early marriages are commonest in isolated country districts, where there are few opportunities for education or recreation and the choice of mates is limited. In most States minors are required to show documentary proof of their age before they can obtain working papers, a license to drive an automobile, or a passport, but not a single State requires such evidence before marriage; and New York State is far from alone in permitting girls to be married at twelve.

STANISLAV LANZUTSKY, Polish Communist, is sentenced to hang for high treason. His official immunity as member of Parliament was set aside so that he might be tried and executed. His crime is this: On November 11, 1923, after the failure of the general strike in Poland, he addressed the railroad men at Przemysl and told them that labor must strike together and present a solid front; that transport workers and industrial workers must unite if they hoped to struggle successfully against organized capital. He attacked all compromise, quoting an anti-Communist Socialist leader who warned his followers that if they feared to assume the power and responsibility of government there were those who had no such fear.

> Everyone knows [said the Socialist] that I have the Communists in mind; and, what is worse, looking at Russia we cannot deny that they know how to rule. We must admit that they are fine administrators and psychologists. Everyone sees that political and economical conditions in Russia are steadily improving. Who assumes power under difficult conditions—he wins.

For this speech Lanzutsky is to be hanged. Obviously he has committed no offense that a stable, civilized government would take notice of. Is the Polish Government as weak as this act makes it seem? Is the Communist movement so strong that the Polish Government must ignore law and justice to put it down? The workers in every country are protesting against this crime; parades in Detroit and New York, demonstrations before the Polish consulates, pickets around the legation in Washington, show the international resentment this act has aroused.

WHO SAYS THE WORLD does not improve? According to the sensational "Filippelli memorial," circulated secretly in Italy and printed in our International Relations Section this week, Mussolini helped plan the murder of Matteotti, the Socialist deputy who threatened to interrupt his dictatorship. And when it had been accomplished, and he had "received papers and the passport" of the murdered man as evidence of the execution of his orders, Mussolini publicly denounced the crime! When their guilt was suspected by supporters of Matteotti, he imprisoned his henchmen. But here the milk of human kindness diluted his logic. Instead of silencing them forever, he merely had them kept in jail. Mussolini might have adhered to the precedent set by Cesare Borgia. That gorgeous despot secretly directed one of his lieutenants to suppress by conclusive means all discriminating and unquiet friends of the people —hence enemies of Cesare—and when his subjects appealed to him for relief from this tyrant, he rose in his wrath and had the obedient scapegoat for his sins executed forthwith.

A COLUMNIST on the Hartford *Times* has this to say about Harry Hansen's meditations on the radio, published in *The Nation* two weeks ago:

> By the time Mr. Hansen broadcasts again, it is to be hoped that he will have learned that nobody cares a hot, in a manner of speaking, damn whether he is talking about shoes, or ships, or sealing wax, or cabbages, or kings. Just so long as they know what station he is talking from and what the wave length is, and whether he can be "got" on a crystal set attached to a bed-spring and a curling iron nobody will complain. It is the New Intellect, and if Harry Hansen goes in for radio, he must go in on radio's own terms.

This is a disturbing thought. We were feeling set up over the radio-casting from WJZ, New York, WPG, Atlantic City, and other stations whose beautiful alphabetical names we have forgotten, of an advance summary of Mrs. O'Hare's article in this week's issue. Now, unless some of our listener-readers write in that they would rather listen in on Mrs. O'Hare's facts than on bedtime stories, stock quotations, or the other usual paraphernalia, we shall feel discouraged. The New Intellect will have passed us by.

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"Al" Smith, Hypnotist

But the Governor is a hypnotist. He has hypnotized both the newspapermen and the general public. He waves his hand and says shut your eyes or open your eyes. The people do as he bids them. If he says black is white they say black must be white because Governor Smith says so.

THUS the plaintive wail of Assemblyman Hutchinson, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the New York Assembly. He, like the other alleged Republican leaders, has undergone such a ghastly humiliation of late that we marvel at the moderation of his language. From the point of view of a machine politician Governor Smith's conduct is reprehensible beyond belief. He has not played the game squarely. He has resorted to unfair and underhand tactics. He has not only used hypnotism, he has shown himself, according to another irate legislator, a "psychological artist." He has broken all records, he has done the impossible, the unthinkable. He, a minority leader, has overthrown the Republican majority, unhorsed their leaders, and compelled them on suppliant knees to do his bidding. It truly is a remarkable spectacle which we have been witnessing at Albany. The heavy Republican majority arrived there on January 1 determined to have its own way and, in the vernacular, "to tell the Governor where he got off." Flushed by the success of the great Coolidge sweep, they laid their plans. The Governor's program? Not a chance! The Republican leaders unanimously rejected all the Governor's plans as soon as they were unfolded. Governor Smith, in return, offered to confer with them. At first they declined. Then followed weeks of sordid and disgusting partisanship. Not in years, even in New York, has there been a worse spectacle, the Governor assailing the Republicans almost daily and the Republicans the Governor. There could not have been a clearer example of what the senseless and meaningless division on party lines means in State affairs. But the plucky Governor persisted. He invited to dinner forty of the leading New York daily journalists, and laid his cause before them. He carried his case to the people, and not only by speeches and addresses; he turned to the radio and through the air appealed to the voters to back him in his fight for a further reduction of 25 per cent in the State income tax.

From that moment his battle was won. The "invisible audience" responded so quickly that the opposition found itself beaten overnight. The stupid Republican leaders were overwhelmed by letters of protest. Intending to dodge the issue and put the Governor in a hole, they then announced that they were opposed to tax reduction because of the heavy appropriations that had to be made, and that if the Governor would show them how to cut three millions of dollars from the appropriation bills they would consider his request. The Governor replied that nothing was easier, and inside of forty-eight hours he showed them how. Some of their henchmen then announced that they would vote for the tax-cut and in a minute the end of the fight came. The Assembly passed the Governor's bill without a dissenting vote. The Senate adopted it by 40 to 7. But the surrender did not stop there as the Republican blunderers hoped it would. Next there was a revolt of the Brooklyn Senators in favor of the Governor's proposal to submit to the voters a three-hundred-million-dollar expenditure to eliminate railroad grade crossings. Next, the majority weakened in its opposition to Mrs. Colbert, the Governor's nominee for the motion-picture-censorship board, whom the Senate had at first contemptuously rejected. In the last hours of the session the rout became general—horse, foot, and dragoons fled. Bills, the report ran, were "fairly shoveled out of committee and passed or killed seemingly on the flip of a coin." Napoleon's retreat from Moscow was as nothing compared with the return from Albany of the defeated, discomfited, disgraced Republican hosts.

Now, the worst thing about it from the point of view of the defeated is that it was all done by one man. Such Democratic forces as Governor Smith has had behind him in the Assembly and Senate availed him little. It is a purely personal triumph as extraordinary as it is complete. We do not recall a case like it, for the Governor did not win by wire-pulling, or compromising, or bargaining, but by direct, straightforward appeals to a press and to a public long ago convinced that "Al" Smith, the former newsboy and peddler, the product of Tammany Hall, is an honest man devoted to his office. His extraordinary and never-equaled mastery of the business of the State stood him in tremendous stead. To the editors who came to hear his story he talked for two hours and then answered their questions in a way to amaze even these hard-shell leader-writers and managing editors. He could pick out any item from an appropriation bill a hundred pages long. He never was at a loss for an answer, and no answer came from him that was not frank and straightforward. He gave completest proof of his mastery of his job and of the situation. It not only reflected the greatest credit upon him; it brought into absolute relief the pitiful efforts of the Republicans to play their peanut politics. Had they been actuated by the same spirit as Governor Smith, this could have been made the greatest year in the legislative history of the Empire State. And what a heartening spectacle it would have been for the whole country if it could have seen one legislature forgetting all about those meaningless designations of Democrat and Republican, which have no place whatever in the conduct of State government, and devoting itself to dealing with its problems with an eye single to the betterment of the government and of the lot of the people.

Well, the State has gained much, and politicians and newspapermen will talk about Governor Smith's triumph for generations to come. It has often been said he could be Governor of New York for life if he desired to. We wish that for once an American State might follow the European example and continue a great administrator for an indefinite period at the task for which he is ideally fitted. One great obstacle is that the State will not pay him enough to enable him to maintain his large family. If it paid him $100,000 a year to continue as Governor he would be cheap at the price. The hypnotized public ought to turn the tables on "Al" Smith, hypnotist, by hypnotizing him to call an extra session to increase the Governor's salary and then hypnotizing the Legislature to vote it. As it is, the whole country has a right to be proud not only of what the Governor has accomplished but of his greatly needed demonstration of the fact that governorships need not lead to impeachment and imprisonment but may lead to popularity and sound administrative achievement.

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Jawbones

WORKMEN digging the foundation for a new apartment house in upper Manhattan Island the other day came upon the jawbone of a mastodon. There is something peculiarly appealing in the thought of one of these gigantic prehistoric elephants lying unconcerned in the soil above which midget man has built his vastest mounds of brick and stone. The scientists cannot tell precisely when that mastodon collapsed—it may have been a matter of five, or ten, or twenty thousand years; it certainly was long enough ago to dwarf the puny three hundred years since Henry Hudson sailed his Half Moon within sight of the spot where the mastodon lay.

Henry Hudson, sailing almost to Albany, passed within walking distance of the cemeteries of some dozens of mastodons. Time was when they roamed this Eastern country almost as abundantly as the bison roamed the Western plains a century ago, or as the caribou roam Alaska today. The Hudson River must have been a sort of migration route—the mastodons fed on shrubs and green branches, and moved southward and northward in the glacial and post-glacial ages, following their food supply—if one may judge by the abundance of their remains. In those days the giant beaver—as big as our present-day black bear—built his dams upon the tributaries of the Hudson; and the great elk-deer roamed free. Something happened—perhaps it was a climatic change or a loss of food supply—and the mastodons dwindled and died.

The last American mastodon may well have been born after the fall of Babylon, when Egypt was already old; mastodons may have been alive in America as recently as three thousand years ago. In 1921 a searcher found in a Missouri cave a carved bone bearing the image of a mastodon—evidence that the great beast had survived into the age of man. Exploration has ruined the hope of finding mastodons still alive, but one or two centuries ago life was more romantic and all sorts of things seemed possible.

It was in 1705 that the Rev. Edward Taylor of Westfield, Massachusetts, noted in his diary that

> One of the gentlemen of the Council at York carried thither a monstrous *Tooth* that weighed *four* pounds & *three quarters*, said to be one of the great Teeth of a man, whole & sound on the Top but much decayed in its fangs, one of which being hollow contained *half a pint* of Liquor. It was dug out of a Bank or Hill that rose some 30 or 40 foot above the place, about 26 Miles below Albany, at a place called *Claverack*. They found another Tooth, that seemed to be a fore tooth that was *four fingers* broad; and dug up Bones that when they came to the Air turned to Dust, but one Bone they took up, judged a Thigh Bone of a man, *seventeen foot long*.

A year later the reverend gentleman reported further records of the Claverack bones, and added that the Indians flocking to the excavation told the diggers of a "monstrous person" who had lived 240 years previously, as tall as the pine trees, who chased bears until they climbed trees and then plucked them off the branches, and waded into the river and caught sturgeon with his hands. Cotton Mather, commenting on the same discoveries a few years later, also believed the bones to be those of a prehistoric giant.

Thomas Jefferson, a century later, was wiser. He recognized the relics as those of an animal resembling the elephant. The Hudson River bones were known to him, but his greatest interest was in the bones found at the Salt Lick on the Ohio River. He commissioned Lewis and Clarke to make collections for him, sharing their finds with Dr. Wistar of Philadelphia and sending some of the duplicates to the French Academy. Several times he expressed his hope that some of these animals might yet be found alive. In his "Notes on Virginia," he recorded a tradition current among the Indians that the mammoth was carnivorous—in which the Indians were mistaken—and that it still existed in the northern parts of America—in which they were unfortunately equally wrong. The Salt Lick bone deposit, according to this tradition, was the result of the great carnage upon an occasion when a vast herd of mammoth, coming down from the north, killed bear, deer, elk, and bison galore, thus angering the Great Spirit, who hurled his thunderbolts upon the elephantine beasts, destroying all but one. That was written in 1782; and Jefferson's letters for the remaining decades of his life are full of efforts to solve the problems raised by these gigantic bones. By 1796 he had distinguished between the mastodon and the mammoth; but "I cannot help believing," he wrote, "that this animal [the mastodon], as well as the mammoth, are still existing."

We know many things that Thomas Jefferson did not, and we have cluttered up with a vast hodge-podge of architecture and cultivation a continent which in his day might still have seemed familiar to a mastodon. We have catalogued every ridge in every known mastodonic tooth, and built stone palaces to house them. And yet, ten thousand years hence will our jawbones seem as interesting?

A World University

THE Pilgrims of New England had barely cleared the ground for their homes when they set about creating a university. It was an act typical of the high ideals with which they began their life in the New World. It is natural that the Jews, too, returning to their new-old home in Palestine, facing with a like idealism a life of struggle and hardship, should turn almost at once to the creation of a Jewish university.

The dream of a university in Jerusalem has been theirs for centuries. No sooner had Titus Vespasian destroyed the Jewish state than the defeated Jochanan ben Zakkai petitioned the Roman emperor for permission to retain one Jewish school of learning in the Holy Land, and the request was granted. Through the centuries the Jewish hope has continued. Only the Crusades were able to keep the Jews out of Jerusalem for a century—the Moslems were more inclined to tolerance of the Jews than the disciples of Jesus of Nazareth. The records of the centuries are full of magnificent vain pioneerings. In 1211, for instance, three hundred rabbis and spiritual leaders of France and England migrated to Jerusalem; in 1270 Nachmanides resumed the task these tried in vain. Efforts were made to found a Jewish university fifteen years ago when the Turks still held Jerusalem; and no sooner had the British taken the Holy City than, on July 24, 1918, the cornerstone of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem was laid—a symbol of an eternal hope rather than a practical beginning. But the realization is at hand.

Universities are not born full fledged; the university has been in the process of gestation ever since. On this April 1 Jewish scholars have assembled from all the four

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quarters of the earth formally to dedicate their university. Lord Balfour, who has done more than any other Christian for the realization of the ancient Jewish dream, presides over the ceremonies. For the present this university is a research school; Palestine is too young—and too actively engaged in physical labor—to provide a horde of undergraduates. The Hebrew university begins with a microbiological institute—the germ, with the Rothschild Hospital, of the medical school to be; a chemical institute, which, in conjunction with the experiment station at Athlit, will apply itself to the agricultural problems of Palestine; and an Institute of Jewish Studies, to which research in Arab studies will shortly be added.

Such a university may have a tremendous and double significance to the world. What it will mean to the Jews is obvious. "Worse than the material destruction which has visited the homes of Jewish learning," says Felix Warburg in the *New Palestine*, "is that resurgence of anti-Jewish sentiment which, in some lands, has taken the last vestige of hope from Jewish student life." The *numerus clausus*, driven out of Russia, still keeps eager Jewish youth from the learning they crave in Poland, Hungary, and Rumania. Neither the German nor the American universities offer Jewish scholars an equal opportunity with Nordic-born, despite the amazing contributions of the Jewish genius in almost every field of knowledge. The Hebrew University at Jerusalem should offer to such a haven and an opportunity for work in a spirit of freedom and joyousness rare in the West.

This university should, however, have an even larger meaning. "I who have been laboring to establish an international university in India," wrote Rabindranath Tagore in greeting the new university, "am happy in the news of a university in Jerusalem. I hope the university will be a unifying agency for the different cultures of the world. . . . I hope that this university will be the means of welding together the East and the West." The West has lost spiritual contact with Asia, birthplace of all the great religions of the world. The Hebrew university in Jerusalem may be a great instrument of reconciliation, but it has in it the seeds of equal danger. It is the product of a nationalist movement, and, however idealistic the founders, no nationalistic movement has yet won without tumbling into excesses. The success of this university, as of the entire Zionist movement, will depend in large measure upon ability to win the sympathy and cooperation of the Arabs as well as of the Jews. It will not be enough if this university becomes merely a new western university in the East; it should be, in a new sense, a world university. If it can carry on in the spirit of Albert Einstein, one of its present leaders, it will achieve that mission:

> A university [he says] is a place where the universality of the human spirit manifests itself. Science and investigation recognize as their aim the truth only. It is natural, therefore, that institutions which serve the interests of science should be a factor making for the union of nations and men. Unfortunately, the universities of Europe today are for the most part the nurseries of chauvinism and of a blind intolerance of all things foreign to the particular nation or race. . . . I should like to express the hope that our university will always be free from this evil, that teachers and students will always preserve the consciousness that they serve their people best when they maintain its union with humanity and with the highest human values.

The Humble Critic

TO the general public it seems that a man who sets up as a critic must begin with a certain native arrogance. His trade appears to imply a double impertinence—that of telling his betters, the writers, what they should write and his equals, the readers, what they should like—and it is difficult to think of him save as one who pretends to an authority to which he can prove no claim. Yet if this were indeed the case only those extremely unwise as well as extremely impertinent would seek in such a manner to gratify their egotism, because the rewards of the critic are not easy to perceive. He cannot possibly hope by a whole lifetime of devoted labor to win either in money or in fame the recompense which is reserved for the author of the most transitorily popular novel or play, and the respect which is accorded him is of the most ambiguous sort.

If a reader happen in any particular case to agree with his judgment, the critic gets credit for no more penetration than that possessed by this reader who makes no professional claims, while if his opinion seems unjustified he is written down as doubly a fool for claiming a special authority without possessing even an amateur competence. Thus he has, as it were, each time he writes, everything to lose and nothing to gain; the highest compliment which the public is likely to pay him is that of agreeing that he is not wrong. It tolerates him as it tolerates a tea-taster or a baseball scout, and it assumes, unkindest cut of all, that he is one who, having discovered himself unable to achieve literary fame in his own right, is engaged in kicking some men down the ladder which he has been unable to climb, and in hanging to the coat-tails of others who, he feels confident, will mount.

Thus the critic is kept to his task less by what the public thinks of him than by what he thinks of himself. If he is wise enough to be even a tolerable judge of literary art he is wise enough to know that his chief recompense will be an inward one and that he will be sustained not by money or fame but by his deep love of the material with which he deals. If he is to be in the slightest degree sincere he must possess not a double impertinence but a double humility; there is demanded of him not merely the sacrifice of his life to art but the double sacrifice implied in a sacrifice to the art of others. He must be quick to sympathize with the ideas and the efforts of another, ready at any moment to submerge his personality in that of the writer with whom he happens to be dealing, and eager, above all else, to set forth the ideas of his author to their greatest possible advantage. His interest in the best must be an interest in which his own advancement has no part, and he must consider that he has achieved the greatest triumph possible to him when he has helped to make known the excellence of another. Like the artist, he must put his chief interest in immaterial things; but he must guard himself carefully against even that modicum of egotism which the artist may permit himself. Unfortunately for his reputation he has written at his best when his writing persuades the reading public to admire someone other than himself. He has his reward—a life passed in the pursuit of excellence; but in spite of the fact that he is perpetually called upon to pass judgment there is little in his career to develop his arrogance or to flatter his egotism. A good critic must be, in his heart, essentially a humble man.

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That Income Tax of Yours

By ARTHUR WARNER

SENATOR COUZENS of Michigan, as chairman of a select committee of the Senate, is digging into the income tax. He has unearthed some scandal, a good deal of favoritism, and losses to the government running into high figures.

Except for a recess last summer, the committee has been holding frequent sessions for more than a year, and it will continue to sit at least until next June. It is employing some twenty-five persons—engineers, accountants, and the like—to collect and analyze facts. A million words of testimony have been printed and many thousand more are awaiting the printers.

Most of us dislike to pay taxes, but we hate still more to understand them. The income tax is bringing something of a change. In the days when our federal taxes were indirect—custom and excise duties—nobody paid any attention to them. Most persons fondly imagined that they did not have to pay them. There are no such illusions about the income tax. D. H. Blair, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, told the Senate committee: "Somebody has said that the automobile has made us a nation of mechanics. The income-tax law is going eventually to make us a nation of accountants." Probably nothing quite so tragic is happening, but the income tax is at least making us a nation of kickers. And in that lies the possibility of wisdom.

The federal government has been collecting an income tax since 1913, but until America entered the World War the law reached only a trifling fraction of the population; collections averaged less than half a billion dollars a year. Since 1917 the income tax has supplied more of the nation's revenue than all other sources combined, reaching a peak in 1920 of nearly four billion dollars. For that year there were filed 7,605,539 returns. Our war and post-war taxes have laid a terrific burden upon the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Its collections in 1920 were almost 1,000 per cent greater than in 1916.

The bureau was suddenly faced with the necessity of recruiting at small salaries a large body of trained men, at a time when the business world was offering virtually unlimited employment and generally superior inducements. For the first few years the bureau merely shook the tree and picked up such fruit as fell. It was not until 1920 or 1921 that it had organized a force adequate to begin a thorough examination of returns or to clear up the intricate cases which had been accumulating since 1917. The Bureau of Internal Revenue has mushroomed out until it occupies space in nine separate buildings. The Income Tax Unit alone is scattered through six buildings. Commissioner Blair thinks the effectiveness of the service could be increased by a quarter or a third through housing it in a single adequate building. Someone has suggested that meanwhile those having business with the bureau should provide themselves with roller skates.

Of course all the government departments suffer on account of the small salaries paid. Increases in pay in recent years have not been nearly comparable to the rise in the cost of living. Men are leaving government offices every day not merely to go into private employ but often to go into work in which they make use of the knowledge and acquaintances they acquired in the federal service. Nowhere else, however, has this reached such scandalous and menacing proportions as in connection with the Bureau of Internal Revenue. At one time the bureau was losing as many as 30 to 40 per cent of its employees every year. It is now losing 20 per cent.

Engineers, accountants, and other employees give up places in the bureau paying a few thousand dollars a year to become income-tax advisers in Washington or other large cities, increasing their earnings five or ten times. It must often occur that an ex-employee of the bureau visits, or approaches through a go-between, a taxpayer with whose case he is familiar and offers to get a reduction for a contingent fee. Contingent fees run as high as 40 per cent, sometimes for merely writing a letter or so. There is a law which provides that two years must elapse before anyone may prosecute before the government a claim which was pending while he was in federal employ. No penalty is provided, however, and the Bureau of Internal Revenue has interpreted the law to apply only in the case of a claim that was actually worked on by a former employee; hence the restriction is of little practical effect.

The Solicitor in the Bureau of Internal Revenue receives $6,000 a year. Yet he is the chief law officer of a service collecting several billion dollars annually. He has to interpret the law in behalf of the government and to match his wits against the most highly paid attorneys in the country, hired to find whatever loopholes they can for great industrial corporations. There are frequent changes in the office of Solicitor, the place going generally to young men of little experience or reputation. Recently two young men in Washington married sisters. One of these young men, after serving for a time as Solicitor, resigned to become a tax adviser on the outside. The other young man was appointed to succeed him.

Nine-tenths of the income-tax law is in its administration, according to the National Industrial Conference Board. The law itself is too long, too complicated, too uncertain; the regulations for its administration adopted by the Bureau of Internal Revenue are longer than the law itself. The evidence before the Senate committee shows an amazing lack of uniformity—and therefore of fairness—in administering the law. Principles have been differently applied in different places and even by men sitting at adjoining desks in Washington. "There have been thousands of rulings put out by the bureau, one reversal after another," declared a witness before the committee. "A man has one opinion today and a different opinion tomorrow." Theoretically the bureau publishes all decisions indicating new policies, but actually such information is often belated or not issued at all.

There seems also to be a system of "secret orders" within the bureau for the information of employees only—or certain of them. No wonder that bewildered citizens have paid big fees to the hungry horde of income-tax advisers!

Lack of uniformity in administering the income-tax

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law means favoritism, accidental or intentional. If there has been any large amount of direct personal corruption in this connection the Senate committee has not discovered it. Big business—at least the *right* big business—has generally had the advantage of a "liberal" interpretation of the law. Bureau chiefs and sub-chiefs do not need to be instructed in this. It is part of the etiquette of government. Said a former engineer of the Bureau of Internal Revenue to the Senate committee: "The principal qualification required was not experience or knowledge of the engineering phase of the taxpayers' business, but to give a liberal allowance to the proper taxpayers." Doubtless some of those responsible for such favors were not without hope of reward, indirectly and eventually, but they did not demand cash on delivery. In still more cases, probably, favors were bestowed by individuals who regarded such action merely as part of the routine of their job.

Take Secretary Mellon's interests, for instance. There is ample evidence that they were specially favored. In regard to the Standard Steel Car Company (a Mellon corporation) Senator Couzens produced an official memorandum from T. J. S. Kishpaugh, Acting Chief of Section, to B. L. Wheeler, Chief of Engineers, which contained this sentence: "Secretary Mellon is interested in the above company and has requested that the information necessary be compiled as quickly as possible." Further along is the somewhat cryptic advice: "It seems that what is not to be done is the matter of assessing the tax; but it is desired to find out the amount of the probable assessment as soon as possible." Secretary Mellon has denied asking any favors whatever for his companies, and it is not necessary to disbelieve him. In every office, public or private, there are sycophants ready to look after the interests of the "big boss" without any telling.

The greatest losses to the government and the most astonishing favors to big business of the "right" sort have been unearthed in what is known as war amortization. In writing the income-tax law of 1918 and later acts, Congress provided that the cost of constructing plants for war purposes which subsequently proved unnecessary for peacetime industry might be deducted from profits. Such deductions involve technicalities and complications that need not be discussed here. Suffice to say that the engineers of the Senate committee present figures which, prima facie, at least, show that unwarrantably large concessions were made to numerous favored companies. The Berwind-White Coal Company, for instance, claimed amortization for an electric-power plant begun during the war and completed in 1920. The appraisers of the Senate committee maintain that this plant has been in continuous operation ever since, at close to full capacity, having superseded certain earlier and obsolete construction; hence there was no loss due to reduced use and no ground for amortization on that score. The Bureau of Internal Revenue allowed a deduction of $373,401.12, deciding that only 52.6 per cent of the capacity of the plant was required by the company's post-war needs.

The United States Steel Corporation also fared handsomely. It claimed amortization to the tune of 83 million dollars. The Income Tax Unit allowed it 55 millions. This, in the estimate of the Senate committee's appraisers, was a bagatelle of nearly 28 millions too much. Secretary Mellon's Aluminum Company of America also received a generous handout when it got in the amortization bread line. It asked for a deduction of 18 million dollars; it received one of not far from 16 million dollars, the justice of which is questioned by the Senate committee's appraisers.

The question of amortization is one which will not arise again—unless we have another war—but the losses to the government in this single field alone are estimated to run as high as $300,000,000. Senator Couzens advocates the reopening of these cases and assessments in closer accord with the facts and the law.

Then there is the case of the Atlantic, Gulf, and West Indies Steamship Company, involving the powers of the government to compromise a tax claim; it discloses a lively interest in this corporation on the part of Secretary Mellon. Taxes amounting in all to $9,913,841 were assessed against the company for the years 1917 to 1920, inclusive. They were compromised last year for a total consideration of about $2,600,000. When the settlement was questioned in Congress, Secretary Mellon wrote to Senator McKellar that the company was in financial difficulties and that to have pressed it for the full amount of the bill would have thrown it into bankruptcy and so deprived the government of any tax at all. Mr. Mellon said also that the company was the largest American-owned corporation of the kind and he thought it worth while to preserve it if possible. The Senate committee brought out the fact that some of Mr. Mellon's conclusions in regard to the company's finances did not tally with those of his subordinates who had investigated the case. One of them had reported that if "a sort of receivership is gone through," the government "could apply liens against sufficient assets to protect their claims for any amount." Counsel for the Senate committee declared that prima facie the company was solvent and that the whole policy of the government had been not to discover how much it could collect but to determine how much the company could pay without embarrassment. On a previous occasion the company had made deceptive statements in regard to its finances; Senator Couzens, recalling this, called the case the "most astounding" of which he could conceive.

Most significant of all, perhaps, from the standpoint of policy, is the fact that this claim was compromised by the Secretary of the Treasury and the Collector of Internal Revenue under a law nearly 100 years old, passed before the present income tax had been dreamed of!

The Senate committee will not make recommendations for improvement in the income-tax law and its administration until all the testimony is in, but some of the members have already indicated changes in policy that they will advocate. Senator Couzens, for instance, believes that greater decentralization would overcome many existing troubles. Except in contested cases the smaller income-tax returns are already disposed of in the collectors' offices of the sixty-five districts into which the country is divided. An extension of this practice, the Michigan Senator thinks, would enable local difficulties to be adjusted on the ground by men familiar with the facts and, by reducing the necessity for arguments in Washington, would lessen the need for and the power of the horde of professional income-tax advisers.

What stand the committee will take on complete publicity for income-tax returns is not yet certain, but it is probable that it will recommend at least some extensions. In contested cases, for instance, a belief has been indicated that the taxpayer should forfeit his right to privacy; that all arguments and adjustments should be made at public hearings, with the records as open as in a court of law.

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Human Ostriches

By KATE RICHARDS O'HARE

ONE hot evening in August of 1919 I went from the roar and grime of the prison workshop and the rancid stench of the prison dining-room to my cell. Soon a trusty came flapping down the corridor with the mail, and a copy of *The Nation* was thrust through the bars to me. Opening it I read A Conversation on Ostriches by Stuart P. Sherman. This essay has always remained a vivid memory to me because it expressed better than anything I had ever read the attitude of the average American citizen toward our prison system. Mr. Sherman said:

> I am in favor of removing the gilded lid of war and looking boldly inside. . . . Modern idealism means retreating from facts into the quieter region of ideas. It means that you shut your eyes and everything is lovely. . . . Take the case of Pontius Pilate, he appears to have been a man of some fineness of sensibility—it is more than likely that he refrained from visiting Golgotha to investigate the mere physical consequences of having washed his hands of responsibility. He withdrew, I suspect, into his own cultivated, if somewhat unimaginative, mind, and left the witnessing of the thing to a squad of soldiers under orders and a calloused workingman handy with hammer and nails.

Speaking of the modern intellectual world he said:

> You shut your eyes and wrap the mantle of your abstract ideas about you and lie down to pleasant dreams in the midst of horrible realities. You can't stand the gaff!

I agreed with Mr. Sherman then, and I do still, that the American people would be wiser, if not happier, if we indulged in a considerable amount of lid-lifting. Particularly do I feel this need concerning our prison system. Most good citizens resolutely refuse to give the slightest thought to our methods of dealing with our misfit population, or our machinery for law enforcement, or the administration of our penal institutions, or to the fact that they and our so-called courts of justice are the most disgraceful things in our social order—survivals of everything that is unscientific and anti-social; scapegoats for every human characteristic of which we are ashamed, and the excuse for all of our social shortcomings.

We insist on taking a detached attitude and refuse to see that our courts and prisons are but reflections of ourselves; the expression of our collective morals, ethics, and sense of justice. We close our eyes to the fact that each of us must bear his share of the responsibility for their stupidities, cruelties, anachronisms, and abuses. And because we refuse to face unpleasant facts we endure a shameful system of dealing with the socially unfit, and fail to make headway in the solution of the problems of crime.

We have wrapped about us the mantle of our theory that prisons reform criminals, and by some unexplained and mysterious power make good people out of bad ones; but if we face facts the dream disappears and we realize that crime is increasing with leaps, and that our prisons are not reformatories but incubators of crime. We have left modern science outside the prison walls. Science has created a new world during the last century, and nowhere are its achievements more marvelous than in matters of health. We have made great strides in social, mental, and physical hygiene, and modern surgery and therapy approach the miraculous, but the prison doors are closed to all of them. And the steel-barred gates that shut mental, moral, and physical diseases inside and modern science outside our penal institutions—are profits, the dollars and cents that can be acquired by the unscrupulous in the manipulation of the food, the labor, and the human degeneracy hidden behind prison walls.

On the slimy trail of prison abuses food comes first, and convicts are always hungry—always systematically underfed. The prison food I ate, in the Missouri State Penitentiary at Jefferson City, where I was imprisoned for an alleged violation of the Espionage Act, was always insufficient, monotonous, of the lowest quality, and improperly prepared and served. Our meat was filled with maggots, the oatmeal and dried fruit infested with worms, the macaroni full of bugs, the beans inhabited by weevils, and the corn-meal supported a thriving population of mealworms. Such spoiled food can be purchased cheaply, for it is unsalable except to prison officials, will be rejected by any but helpless convicts, and it can be charged to the State at the price of wholesome food. Naturally prison officials are not fussy about a few bugs and worms, more or less, when such rich profits are at stake. Our food was prepared by convicts who were overworked, unpaid, sullen, and infected with tuberculosis and venereal diseases. Naturally under such conditions prison feeding became a process of slow starvation in which we suffered all the pangs of death, but never its blessed relief.

The exploitation of human labor is the kernel of most social problems, and the prison problem is no exception. More than two hundred thousand persons are shut up in our penal institutions all the time. Some employment must be provided for them or they would go mad, and with this mass of labor power carefully shut away from social supervision it is natural that modern industrialism should find ways and means of making the labor of convicts not only a pious form of punishment but profitable as well.

Keeping pace with modern industrialism the utilization of convict labor has in most prisons advanced from the old crude methods to the most efficient modern mass production. Only twenty years ago convict labor was a chaotic thing, prison factories were badly equipped, inefficiently managed, and produced only goods of the lowest quality. This condition could not persist in our highly specialized and scientifically organized industrial world. The same social forces that created the meat trust, the oil trust, the lumber trust, and the banking trust also created the prison labor trust. And it has marched steadily forward until today the production of prison-made goods is as scientifically organized and as completely trustified as any other great industry. The prison labor trust has become one of the mighty powers in what Woodrow Wilson called "the invisible government." It also retains eminent lawyers on its staff, floats its stock issues through reputable brokers, donates liberally to charities, supports and controls various prison reform organizations, and maintains skilful and highly paid publicity bureaus and political lobbies. In fact,

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it does the things that other great trusts do, and in many instances does them much more efficiently. Many products that are sold in the open market and under false labels are made by the convict labor controlled by the prison labor trust, and their value last year was upward of a hundred million dollars. But it is in the production of garments that the greatest number of convicts are employed and the greatest organizing genius has been shown.

The prison labor trust is not only the most efficiently managed trust in the country but it is the most generously subsidized. Politicians have dealt kindly with many great industrial organizations, but to none have they shown such tender and paternal generosity as to the prison labor trust. These favored gentlemen who operate their factories in prisons are presented by the taxpayers with rent, heat, light, power, drayage, and supervision of the working force, absolutely free—without money and without price—like salvation. In addition the State furnishes the labor at from one-tenth to one-sixth of the wages paid free workers in a given industry. Then to crown our paternalistic generosity the contractors, or their private employees, are given complete control of the industrial discipline of our prisons, and they are permitted to use any means they see fit to exact the "task" from the prisoners, the "task" in every instance being a far greater production than free workers ever produce in a free factory.

For instance, I made garments in a prison factory of which the entire upkeep and overhead was paid by the taxpayers of Missouri. As nearly as I can determine the State received less than fifty cents a day for my labor, with which it threw in for good measure my maintenance; and I actually produced, at sweatshop wages, about six dollars a day in garments. I was paid fifty cents a month, the State was paid fifty cents a day, and the contractor had a clear profit of $5.48½ per day on my labor. My task was to make the jacket portion of eighty-eight coveralls per day—a production that I have never been able to convince any employer of free labor that I, or any other garment operator, could achieve.

The sole object of the prison labor contractor is to make profits by the exploitation of convict labor, and the State provides the machinery and the legal and moral sanction for grinding the last atom of productivity from the helpless prisoners. During my fourteen months I not only saw the merciless grinding of the prisoners by the vicious "task" system, but I also saw every sort of punishment imaginable, even to cold-blooded murder, and with only a very few exceptions all punishments were administered at the demand of the contractor's foreman, and for failure to produce the required task. If prison labor for private profit were removed from our prisons 90 per cent of all punishments, brutalities, and abuses would automatically disappear.

The task was set far beyond the productive capacity of normal, free workers, and prisoners, as a mass, are far below normal. Among the harried slaves of every prison workshop are cripples and defectives, degenerates and tuberculars, and epileptics and dements, psychopaths and morons. They are always hungry, poisoned by bad air, weakened by lack of outdoor exercise, harassed by fear, tormented by sex hunger, depressed, and unhappy. At most they are far below the average worker in efficiency, yet punishments, including the death sentence, may be inflicted in the effort to force an impossible task.

Usually I have found that my most carefully toned-down and denatured tales of the prison brutalities I witnessed are discredited by people because they feel that such things cannot be true. They say that they are contrary to human nature, and that men were not naturally so brutal and stupidly cruel. Certainly such brutalities as I witnessed in the Missouri State Penitentiary, and it was no worse than the average prison, are contrary to human nature—that is, normal human nature—but the great majority of prison keepers and prison factory foremen are not normal.

A long process of natural selection develops a certain type of prison employee. Every physician knows that the percentage of abnormal human beings, cases of arrested development, degeneracy and sex perversion, are much more common than laymen know. And prison is the one place where the sadist, the pervert, and the degenerate can work and earn his living without coming in conflict with society and the law. The work of a prison keeper is ugly, sordid, exacting, and sadly underpaid. Decent, well-balanced men and women ordinarily neither seek nor endure it except as a last resort and temporarily. It is true that now and then, and perhaps increasingly, the finest type of men and women, with a real desire to perform social service, do take positions in prisons, but they are still rare, and the forces that fatten on prison abuses usually drive them out.

The prison labor contractors and their respectable banker and politician partners know the type of men who handle our prisons, they trade upon their perversions, and whet their greed by low pay and high bonuses for efficient slave-driving. And just as long as profit keeps watch at the prison gate the scientist cannot enter and expose and remove the abnormal keepers. And prison labor for private profit will endure just as long as we indulge in the great American game of "passing the buck."

High-minded legislators make laws to punish human beings for certain acts, but they never disturb themselves about the details of enforcing these statutes; that is left to inferior individuals unhampered by ethics, morals, or a social conscience. High-minded judges pass sentences upon human beings, then like Pilate wash their hands of the unpleasant results of their mandates. High-minded citizens elect public servants who make contracts with manufacturers for the sale of the labor of the convicts, but neither citizens nor public servants harass their minds with the facts involved in the execution of these contracts. Dealing with the facts is left to prison guards and foremen working under compulsion to wring the last penny of profits from the unpaid labor of the prisoners.

It is not strange that prisons, and all connected with them, are mysterious, cloaked in gloomy silence, and shrouded in a perpetual mist of sinister secrecy. Nor is it strange that we hide our prison population away from sight, and forget it as quickly and completely as possible. For fourteen long months I studied that stream of wrecked lives that find their way to prison, and they were not pleasant to look upon, nor did they add to my patriotic pride or peace of mind. They were sinister and revolting; I feared them. But averted eyes and natural repugnance could not relieve me of my personal responsibility nor close my mind to the fact that they are flesh of our flesh, soul of our soul, and that cowardice and prison walls cannot break the human tie that binds us to them.

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Porto Rico: The American Colony

By LUIS MUÑOZ MARÍN

THE gods have made Porto Rico the first colonial experiment of the United States. The slices taken from Mexico were empty or more American than Mexican in almost everything but political allegiance; the power exercised over the Philippines is explicitly temporary; Hawaii came as a motley of peoples dominated by an American business and planting group. In Porto Rico, on the other hand, the Americans acquired for permanent use a rather well-rounded civilization by means which, though questioned by not a few, are considered legal and virtuous by current international usage. Here for the first time the American people undertook to boss a foreign culture. What manner of place, then, is this first American colony, and what manner of colonizers are these Americans?

Though Columbus touched the west coast of Porto Rico during his second trip, it was not until 1509 that the King commissioned Juan Ponce de Leon to settle the island of San Juan, as Porto Rico was then known, lay hands on the fabulous treasures that were supposed to flow down the beds of its rivulets, and send him his fifth. Juan Ponce found, according to later estimates, about fifty thousand Indians on the island, fine-featured, lazy, somewhat nomadic. His coming decimated them through war, interbreeding, slavery, the *morbus gallicus*, small-pox, and the emigration to adjacent islands that the more warlike among the savages felt compelled to undertake. In thirty years Indians had become scarce and African slaves were brought to coax gold out of the increasingly hopeless rivers, and raise truck and cattle. By the first quarter of the eighteenth century the last Indian village had disappeared as such. The melting-pot seethed with a strong compound of Hispanic and African spiced with aboriginal blood. The Indian survives chiefly in the form of aquiline noses on copper-black faces and, some assert, in the melancholy strain that is supposed to underlie our temperament.

The story of Porto Rico is dull: politically, a succession of governors-general; militarily, the building of strong fortifications, a few pirate and foreign raids, nothing on a grand scale; economically, the triumph of after-dinner delicacies—coffee, sugar, tobacco—over the dinner itself. In the South American wars of independence we took no effective interest. A province of Spain culturally, we were an overseas backwoods of the motherland. Political life worth mentioning was non-existent until the latter half of the nineteenth century. When liberals got the upper hand in Spain, which was rarely, they relieved their feelings by granting reforms to the colonies, reforms that, so far as Porto Rico was concerned, were accepted gratefully and surprisedly, and relinquished when the time came dumbly and humbly. Distinguished men were sports of nature rather than fruits of a culture, and it was not until the middle years of the century that men of attainments born in Porto Rico began to think of themselves seriously as Porto Ricans.

Slavery was peacefully abolished in 1872, after many years of earnest propaganda by the slave-owners themselves. To their attitude Porto Rico undoubtedly owes in a great measure the admirable relationship that has prevailed there between the white and negroid races. Perhaps the island should be of interest to the American people chiefly as a laboratory experiment in racial ethics, as there you find the nearest approach to social equality of this sort within the supposedly permanent territory of the United States. From the middle class down, the union of white women to brown or black men is not unusual enough to astonish or enrage anybody, and the union of black or brown women to white men is of course more frequent. Discreet instances of both varieties of intermarriage may be found in the highest social pinnacles, where the prejudice against people of Negro extraction finds expression in drawing-room whispers of What are we coming to? Lynching and the humiliation of Negroes by statute are unthinkable. There are no segregated districts, though the general division of labor brought about by climatic conditions has assigned the mountains to the white man and the coast to the white and the black. Jim Crow cars would seem as freakish as a man with two thumbs on one hand and eight fingers on the other. A white Porto Rican Senator once traveled through Virginia with two Negro friends in the black man's car and justified his presence there to the conductor by claiming Negro blood. After close scrutiny the conductor decided to throw a curtain around the group anyway.

A good proportion of the school-teachers are of Negro and mixed extraction and they give their services to black, brown, and white indiscriminately. White, Negro, and mulatto lawyers, physicians, journalists, poets, politicians, philosophers lead a common professional and spiritual life. One of the ablest and most respected leaders of the Republican Party (the party that always stands for Americanism and usually for statehood) was Dr. Barbosa, a Negro physician. A newspaper in Ponce employed Carrion Maduro, a well-known Negro writer, as editor, with a white staff under him. Our most expressive composer was Campos, a light mulatto.

Men of both races get along quite well with one another in all social strata. It is the women of the upper classes who offer the most stubborn resistance to a complete acceptance of the tolerant spirit that dominates our racial relationships. This acts as a strong determinant of the tendency of whites to marry whites and of blacks to bring lighter blood into the family. The American authorities, in so far as they may act without fear of raising a hullabaloo, introduce segregation, as in the National Guard. And a desire is growing not to seem inferior to Americans by their own standard. Class distinctions are on the whole more vivid than race distinctions. *Blanquito* (little white) is applied to one who appears well off, whatever his color, while *negrito* (little Negro) does not mean the opposite, but is used by all as an expression of erotic tenderness.

You cannot consider the more articulate portion of the Porto Rican soul without getting the suggestion that it is afflicted with an inferiority complex. In an island where nothing grand ever happened everything happens in the grand manner. Graduating exercises, speeches about local officials, burial laudations of respectable people are per-

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formed with a genuine will to grandeur. Street-corner meetings are "grandiose," the applause at the end of a well-turned paragraph is invariably "delirious," any American Congressman is "the great statesman," verbose political spellbinders are always called great orators and frequently nightingales. I have been called sublime for donating two dollars to a worthy cause.

Much as we dislike to do our duty we love to be generous; and many of us lead lives of virtuous trickery and fraud, not to provide for our families, as the rationalization goes, but to practice largesse. People who are stingy to those to whom they owe no duty are comparatively rare. A lawyer may grab all the land he can from the traditional widows and orphans, but he will, you may be sure, contribute freely to bohemian, as distinguished from respectable, charities—paying a poor devil's fine to get him out of jail, buying a bankrupt poet's passage for more fruitful lands, setting up a fisherman in business with a boat and nets.

We are always contemplating what we never carry out. Some paved approach to hell ought to be named for Porto Rico. Visions that burst forth magnificently, and take impetus as plans, cool off as calculations, and generally peter out as accomplishments. Magazines are a notable instance. They are thought of at a cafe table, planned in a row-boat or on a stroll round the plaza, launched a few days later on a capital of fifty or one hundred dollars; and they die like flies. The creative thrill is in getting the idea, in thinking about it, and in actually starting something; then, as Thoreau put it, having made one pencil, why make more?

Porto Ricans are tolerant of most heterodoxies. Religious toleration is unassailable in reality as well as in law. That, however, is not a good example, for we are very indifferent to the gods. But we like our money, and love to spend it, and hoard it, and squander it; and still, we are reluctant to persecute good fellows that happen to be tempted by other people's money, including our own. It's considered somewhat in bad taste to pursue your property rights to fine points in small matters. There is a bit of poetic jurisprudence laid down by Judge Bolivar Pagan, who, though quite exceptional as a magistrate, is representative of the very best in Porto Rican manhood. A *jibaro* went hungry for three days and then stole some coconuts. The judge acquitted him on the ground that a man who has gone hungry for three days is a blind cosmic force no more capable of criminal intention than the wind. Some legislators receive money from rich men openly and, if the spirit moves them, vote against the rich men's interests just the same. In those cases money transfers are simply not thought of as affecting such natural integrity as a soul may possess.

In sexual matters, on the other hand, orthodoxy is iron-bound. Women must be chaste and men unchaste, or pay the penalty in the form of murder or ostracism in the one case and of ridicule in the other. In the attitude toward women there is gallantry and chivalry, but more of the former than of the latter. No man worthy of the name would permit a woman to pay his carfare or allow his wife to go to the movies alone. Women were made to marry and become queens of the home, first as chaste wives and afterward as sainted mothers.

The assumption that good women are sweet and pure and therefore too elevated for life's rough and tumble seems to underlie the attitude of the Porto Rican gentleman. But scratch this concept of the good and pure woman and you will come upon the universal assumption that she cannot be trusted to take care of her physical virtue.

American influence is perhaps strongest in the direction of freeing women from the degrading bondage of that state of mind. Where my mother had to receive my father during their engagement in the presence of at least two sisters, and my father had to avail himself of the ancient and adventurous trick of the wide-open newspaper to kiss her, some modern girls may be seen of an afternoon in a movie house, quite alone with their duly accredited fiancés and the rest of the audience. (Curiously enough, the movies exert a liberalizing influence on Porto Rican manners. Do they not show young women going out on respectable business with men who are neither their fathers, their brothers, their husbands, nor their fiancés?)

It would be unfair to present certain phases of our contemporary character without clarifying the economic background against which they must be observed. Porto Rico has never been prosperous, but it has known respectable poverty. The early Spanish adventurers conquered it for the gold of its rivers. In thirty years they exported less than four million pesos—a bad return for their pains—and began to devote their best energies to the soil, upon which they had formerly looked as a mere means of keeping alive till they were rich enough in gold ingots to return to the motherland. By the end of the nineteenth century, coffee, tobacco, and sugar had become, in the order named, the principal products of the island. The three were important in inverse ratio to their industrial nature. Coffee needed little elaboration; tobacco, if turned into cigars, needed but small hand tools and skill; it took a chemical process and a clumsy wooden mill driven by a pair of oxen to get sugar out of cane. Given the land, the amount of capital necessary for any of the three pursuits was relatively unimportant. The land, with a few notorious exceptions, was divided into small estates, and in the uplands there was scarcely a free man who could not own a few acres or rent them cheap. The law compelled wage laborers to hire themselves, ostensibly as a corrective for tropical laziness, that convenient whipping-boy, actually because the economic law of need does not seem to have been powerful enough. But they were patriarchally handled by their employers, with all the good and the evil of that attitude, and found that they could convert their almost invisible money wages into an abundant, if unscientific, diet that kept away the pangs and the passions of hunger, and into some stiff-bosomed shirts and absurdly starched dresses for holiday wear. This very modest but rather widespread economic semi-independence and content made possible the full expression of that kindliness, that absence of petty rasping passions, that hospitality, that chivalry, traces of which are still to be found, especially among the pale men of the mountains.

Two forces appeared dramatically to precipitate a change that would perhaps have taken place anyway: a cyclone and the Americans. The cyclone of San Ciriaco wrought havoc with the coffee and tobacco plantations of the mountains, ruining a host of small landowners and centralizing the soil into fewer and mightier hands. The Americans came in the name of liberty and democracy and destroyed the liberal parliamentary government wrested from Spain by Luis Muñoz Rivera two months before the

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outbreak of the war (atoning for this sixteen years later); they also brought the tariff on sugar, which attracted outside and local capital to the canefields of the coast. Twenty-three years ago there were scattered over the island several hundred more or less primitive mills which turned out a round 69,000 tons of sugar annually. In 1920 there were half a hundred modern factories, belonging for the most part to large absentee corporations, turning out six times that number of tons. That is the open glory of the colonialists. Profit has been known to surpass 100 per cent per annum, and a very large share of it leaves the island never to return. That is the secret glory of the colonialists. And even this ghastly spectacle of wealth drained from a starving population into the richest country on earth is sanctimoniously entitled in the official reports A Favorable Trade Balance.

As a young editor put it to the House Committee on Insular Affairs, one of our sorest economic troubles is that we have no bananas today. We used to have a lot of them; they grew all around and could usually be had for the picking, so that they made a very important item in the common diet. And what was true of bananas was true of many fruits and vegetables. But sugar-cane is elbowing all these out of the soil. Now we import our staples, with the result that not even the rich are well nourished in Porto Rico.

The tobacco industry is entirely under the tutelage of the American tobacco trust, and coffee-growing, the last refuge of the falling middle class, suffers from the fact that to the great coffee-drinking people of the United States all coffees taste alike! The consequences of all this have been the attainment of certain sections of a half dozen towns to a degree of opulence seldom tasteful enough to be a public good; the proletarization of great masses of people; the debasing of a general standard of living that was never too generous; the elimination of certain ethical checks and cultural ideals that become untenable in sweated colonies and on rafts lost at sea.

As might be expected, the intensity of the struggle for existence is appalling. It has dulled our ancestral virtues —such as they were—and that it has not wiped them out altogether seems miraculous. Sham, trickery, flattery, beggary, mendacity are accepted means of getting along. Of course the quixotic gestures of Spain will flourish on any earth. Few people, for instance, will sell you things in which they do not regularly traffic. But such qualities are becoming segregated. Those who, if conservative, measure civilization by commercial and industrial growth, and, if radical, by labor-union activity, lament the mountain regions. You can't start anything there. But the bulk of the folk-poetry, the folk-pottery, the folk-hats, the folk-hammocks, and the folk-nobility comes from the mountains.

These forsaken *jibaros*, pale, frequently blond, always poverty-stricken, form the most consistently unmixed body of Europeans on the island. Whenever the hookworm permits they are more active physically and mentally than the people of the coast. And yet their ideals are of leisure while the ideals of the coast (not necessarily the practice) are becoming those of activity and go-getting. Here the shade of the guava-tree still suggests the hammock; the moon calls out the singer and his *tiple*. Troubadours compete with songs for the love of barefoot girls, though machetes are thought good enough to cut to decisions, often within the limitations of a gentlemanly code. The *jibaros* are infantile, passionate, shrewd in their simple dealings, susceptible to religious quackery, and manage to carry a surprisingly heavy load of generosity along with that of their poverty. They have frequently been imposed upon by the outside world, and have developed a naive armor of suspiciousness that enrages the politicians and rural confidence men who try to prey upon them. Here is a song in which they unwittingly reveal a large part of their soul:

> Oh, I saw a Napoleon,
> Oh, I saw a Napoleon,
> That was being taken as a prisoner,
> But as I don't know anything about it,
> But as I don't know anything about it,
> I won't continue the versification.

There is the desire to appear in imagination as witnessing vague, important, and sad events, a certain laziness in not troubling to think up any more than the one flash scene, combined with a shrewd determination not to be compromised.

Religion plays a minor role in the Porto Rican scene. We don't fear hell, and heaven bores us. Atheism in Porto Rico, as elsewhere, seems to be a natural complement of Catholicism among the more sophisticated classes. Most of us will admit a vague allegiance to the church of Rome. But you will very seldom catch us at mass, you will almost never find us in the confessional, and you will but infrequently meet us when we are not on our way to or from the infringement of some of the commandments.

Perhaps the sharpest difference between Porto Rican development and that of the rest of Latin America lies in the fact that there has never been a serious movement for Porto Rican independence. Such political expression of a feeling for independence as we have had came—some say strangely, and some say naturally—under the American regime. In 1904, for the first time in our history, an enthusiast slipped an independence clause into the platform of a ruling party, and its leaders felt compelled regretfully to leave it there. From that time until 1922, when the clause went overboard, that party's most earnest efforts were devoted to placing independence in as innocuous a position as possible. A dream for the far future, the natural desire of all peoples, the last refuge of our dignity, were some of the formulas used. Indeed if it was kept alive so long the phenomenon must be ascribed to the persistence of José de Diego, a man too strong to override, who wished to hold that solution before the Porto Rican people. But the sentiment for independence is real enough among young fellows and the common people, and it only waits to be organized by a politician with some poetry in his make-up.

I do not believe that American overlordship is Americanizing us to an important degree. We are proud of tall buildings, commercial activity, and prosperity more than of worthier things; but all Latin Americans tend to abandon their contempt for material prosperity whenever the possibility of achieving it becomes clear to them. We hastily adopted the California code, which, among other equally appropriate things, required us to place stoves in jury rooms; but we have managed to avoid cooking our jurors. Congress acquired by the Treaty of Paris the right to call us names, and proceeded to exercise it by calling us Porto Rico, which means nothing, instead of Puerto Rico, which means, however misleadingly, Rich Port; but none of us uses the legal name in Spanish, and I am using it

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here as a concession to the editor. Our first native commissioner of education considers Edgar Guest the best American poet and imitates his doggerel; but it was probably on account of the very exceptional qualifications indicated by that preference that the Bureau of Insular Affairs suggested that Harding appoint him. Women are freeing themselves through the influence of the United States; but then Latin-American women generally are throwing off their shackles at a great rate and largely because of "North American" influence. Shakespeare has replaced Cervantes as the greatest poet in the world, but Cervantes continues to be the better seller. Washington has been appointed the hero of a people who can cut down a forest of cherry trees and remain serenely silent about it. Lincoln is presented as the destroyer of slavery to the grandsons and granddaughters of the slave-owners who requested Spain to free their slaves with or without compensation. The American Federation of Labor through my friend Santiago Iglesias is trying hard to Americanize Porto Rico; but what Mr. Iglesias understands by Americanism is a high standard of living, free speech, and free press: we have the last two to a greater extent than you have in the States, and the first is good rather than American.

In spite of this haphazard cultural attack, and of the fact that most of us are proud to be officially part of a nation that does big obvious things, we continue subconsciously to class ourselves with Latin Americans. In the conflicts between the United States and Latin America our sympathies are with Latin America. I doubt if a half dozen decent and intelligent Porto Ricans could be smoothly recruited for an expedition against, say, Mexico. There is relatively as much interest in the effort of the Venezuelan people to get rid of the tyrant Gomez as in that of the American people to change Presidents. Our literature, which in some branches is very copious, follows the general Latin-American currents where it does not show native or original traits. Llorens, our most popular and perhaps our greatest poet, is Porto Rico incarnate; Hostos is accepted by Latin America as one of its great thinkers; De Diego, while acting as Speaker of our lower house, vigorously urged the formation of an Antillean Republic to consist of Cuba, Santo Domingo, and Porto Rico.

While the Government of the United States is very generous toward the Government of Porto Rico—allowing it, among other privileges, that of keeping the customs receipts—the economic ties that now bind the people of the island to the United States are not advantageous. That our sugar industry is protected along with that of Louisiana is an unmixed blessing only to those that control it, and they are chiefly non-resident corporations. On the other hand, this same wall of protection compels our poverty-stricken population to buy its staples in the same market where the American banker and bricklayer buy theirs. The latter evil cannot be corrected so long as we remain within the customs system of the United States. Absentee ownership can be diminished. But the evident policy of the War Department here, as in the Philippines, is to discourage and make difficult the execution of measures tending to correct it.

On the basis of these realities, when and if the natural map begins to reassert itself in America, only a scrupulously unselfish policy—inaugurated soon—on the part of the United States is likely to induce the Porto Rican people, as distinguished from their politicians, to remain loyal at heart to the United States.

Free the World's Trade

By FRANK W. GARRISON

GERMAN competition is again causing uneasiness in Great Britain. It will be recalled that the rapid growth of Germany as a commercial rival stirred bitter feelings in the years immediately preceding the war, and offered a congenial theme to the jingo press. While it was always clear to anyone acquainted with the nature of trade that prosperity could hardly be expected to result from ruining customers and lowering the purchasing power of millions of consumers, the advocates of protection were able to mistake the interest of special business groups for the interest of the nation. It is easy to lose sight of the needs of the consuming public if attention is concentrated upon the special requirements of producers, and the destruction of German competition was looked upon as a desirable end.

The damage inflicted upon German industry by the war was severe enough, one would have thought, to satisfy the greediest competitor, but the hoped-for monopoly of trade has not been realized. The English papers that formerly lamented the prevalence of the label "Made in Germany" are again bewailing the effectiveness of German competition. The war appears to have piled up the burden of taxation almost beyond endurance, reduced the purchasing-power of consumers at home and abroad, and doubled the cost of living without bringing prosperity to the victors. Even the Dawes Plan, framed to secure the last ounce of plunder from a prostrate Germany, is working in an unexpected way and is now characterized by the London *Daily Mail* as "the foolish Dawes Plan, which has given German industry the credit it needs to go ahead."

This rather unfeeling comment is made in an editorial dealing with the award of a contract for five 10,000-ton motor ships to the Deutsche Werft of Hamburg. The order was placed by Messrs. Furness, Withy and Company and amounts in all to about £1,000,000. Although 70 per cent of the British shipyards are idle, and British firms were offered from £50,000 to £100,000 above the German contract price, they were unable to come within £300,000 of it, and could not promise as prompt delivery.

The cost of production is relatively low in Germany because of lower wages and longer hours. Trade-union restrictions have had to give way under pressure of the hard conditions imposed by the victorious nations. The £2 a week received by a German shipyard worker is less than an unemployed English worker of the same sort may collect from poor relief and unemployment dole. There is small consolation in the thought that the situation presents striking examples of poetic justice. The oppressive terms of the Versailles Treaty, which were meant to cripple German industry, are working out to the disadvantage of those who imposed them, and German, rather than British, workmen are finding employment in replacing part of the 9,000,000 tons of British shipping sunk during the war.

Workers in other countries will suffer from the low status to which German labor has been reduced, and the gains of years of trade-union effort are likely to be swept away in the attempt to meet German competition. The sturdy spirit of British enterprise that was developed under free trade seems to have been worn out in contending with overpowering taxes, and capital and labor both seek government assistance.

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The outcry against the "pauper labor" of foreigners, so effective in perpetuating the protective system in the United States, finds its parallel in the present complaint of "unfair competition" directed against Germany. "If the League of Nations," says one industrial leader, "can establish rules that will make that competition fair our problem will be solved." The Tory Government is ready to offer a safeguarding-of-industries bill to limit competition in the interest of favored producers, and some of the Laborites are anxious to go them one better by prohibiting the importation of foreign goods made under "sweated" conditions.

But it is perfectly clear that government interference is bound to make matters worse rather than better, since it must resolve itself into subsidies to be added to the burdens of the taxpayers or prohibitions which will increase the cost of production. The revival of trade is blocked by the barriers already raised by governments, barriers that prevent the resumption of the intricate relationships that spring up naturally when unrestrained and constitute the web of international cooperation. Never was there greater need for the application of the principles of free trade. Laissez-faire, laissez-passer should be the motto of every enlightened people, but especially of Great Britain, dependent as she is upon contact with the rest of the world.

With depression in shipping, and in the iron and steel and woolen and cotton industries as well, Mr. Churchill's forthcoming budget is anxiously discussed, and deputations are urging a substantial reduction of the income tax. The need of government economy is also emphasized, and President Coolidge's remarks on this subject are quoted with approval. But as the Earl of Oxford and Asquith points out, a policy of retrenchment is made difficult by the competition in armaments which continues to depress and impoverish the world.

Since economic advantages are what we fight for, the key to disarmament is the economic freedom that Richard Cobden described as the international law of the Almighty. The dislocation in industry caused by fluctuations in exchange rates and "pauper labor" would soon give place to a state of equilibrium if governments could be induced to remove the restrictions under which trade is now carried on, permitting the natural growth of peaceful international relationships that have no need of armies and navies and the burdensome taxation they require. But it must be confessed that no responsible statesmen seem to share these views. The Turgot demanded by the situation is nowhere in sight.

In the Driftway

WHILE the Drifter would never risk hiring himself out as a "plain cook," he does not mind admitting that he can cook certain things as well as anyone. His steaks, broiled rare, seasoned with butter and anchovy, and dished up on a hot platter, are fit for any king; his pancakes, which he does not call flapjacks, made with whole-wheat flour and served with maple—not corn—syrup and crisp bacon, melt in the mouth and do not cause indigestion sooner than any other pancake; his vegetable soup, into which he puts anything that is fresh and green and can be cut up into very small pieces, is rich and thick and savory. There are times, after the concoction of some viand which he regards as his specialty, when the Drifter begins to think of himself as a real cook. Then, puffed up with pride, he turns to the cook-book to read of other possible culinary triumphs and he knows the truth: he will never be a cook as long as the world lasts; partly because his income will never be large enough to afford all the ingredients necessary for a suitably varied diet; partly because he is incapable of doing more than one thing at once. For a while he imagined that cook-books had changed; that while cream and white wine were lavishly added to recipes thirty years ago, they were so no longer; but his disillusionment was not long in coming.

* * *

HE picked up recently a cook-book which he found to be famous, popular, and current. Moreover, there was no indication that it was not intended for the middle class as well as for the very rich. The poultry, roasts, and game seemed at once too expensive and complicated for his taste or purse; he turned, therefore, to the entrees on the theory that they were incidental to the main course and therefore should be at once easier and less costly to prepare. And what did he find? The most innocent-looking recipe began with six hard-boiled eggs, which sounded possible. At this time of year eggs are not very dear and surely it is no task to hard-boil them. Here, thought the simple Drifter, is something I can cook up in less than a jiffy. As he read on, however, his spirits sank: "one-third cup cold cooked chicken . . . two tablespoons cold cooked ham . . . two tablespoons chopped raw mushroom caps, one-half tablespoon chopped truffles, and yolks of four of the eggs rubbed through a sieve" were also necessary. Moreover the dish was to be garnished with a sauce requiring onion, parsley, bay leaf, cloves, olive oil, granulated gelatine, tarragon vinegar, and canned tomatoes. He might, with superhuman effort and the pecuniary result of an extra week's work, manage to assemble the sauce; but where then would be the dish? And if he could buy the ham, chicken, truffles, mushrooms, eggs, and the sieve required for the dish, then how long, and with what labor, it would take to get them all into the proper condition for beginning the recipe!

* * *

AT this point in the Drifter's speculation he picked up a book on the letters of Lady Anne Barnard, written at the Cape of Good Hope about 1798. On the way out to the Cape from England, on board ship, in the middle of the ocean, with no land in sight, the following menu, according to Lady Anne, whose veracity the Drifter has no reason to question, was served to the guests: "Pease Soup, Roast Leg of Mutton, Hogs' puddings, Stewed Cabbage, Mutton Pyes, Two fowls, Two hams, Two ducks, Corned Round of Beef, Pork Pye, Potatoes, Mutton chops, Removed by an enormous Plumb Pudding, Porter, Spruce Beer, Port Wine, Sherry, Gin, Rum, etc." There is no record that all on board died at once of acute indigestion; Lady Anne, at least, lived many years and wrote many more letters. But the Drifter's imagination faints when he thinks of the preparation of such a meal, served, also according to Lady Anne, to sixteen passengers. If there were sixteen to eat it, there must have been sixty to cook it. And even then, the Drifter doubts that it could have been prepared all in the same day or even week. Far better to live on a perpetual diet of dry bread and plain water than to think of eating, or preparing, or causing anyone else to prepare, such a Gargantuan repast.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

The Prize Poem Finds Friends

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am surprised at the avalanche of vegetables that greeted your prize poem. I had anticipated something narcotic like the previous winners. Instead I was thrilled by it, even though it is modern and in the style of Whitman rather than classic and Tennysonian—my general preference. I read and reread it with great delight. I cut it out and put it between the pages of Ecclesiastes, for nowhere else had I better been made to feel the mystery, futility, and tragedy of life.

It is a remarkable piece of work, call it prose or poetry as you will. But tastes differ.

New York, March 23 Richard E. Stifel

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It happened that I read Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana on the subway one night last month when I was very tired. Somehow my *Nation* fell open at the prize poem. The language of the poem suited my mood exactly, and just as a big stout man pushed my elbow so that I dropped the books in my other arm I felt for a brief moment the exquisite *fineness* of the clear air and the hot afternoon; the blue sky and the sluggish sad brook in the hot grass.

New York, March 23 Esther Flanzbaum

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I should like to protest, quite mildly, against the cruel and uncontrollable savagery of the comments on your late prize poem, Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana. We *Nation* subscribers, your advertisements assure us, are of a certain distinguished attainment among the masses; but the wild froth of praise elicited and the profound and searching imbecility of most of the adverse opinion do not, even combined, entice the aloof and unprejudiced to any such conclusion. Moreover, there is a sad lack of the most elementary tolerance. And it is an edifying reflection to consider how the American homunculus, modern, enlightened, and infinitely broad-minded, welcomes a new poet.

As for the poem itself, it was undoubtedly the best submitted, if one is to judge by the other specimens already published. It has, at all events, stirred to loud diatribe a fair portion of the laconic American public. This, together with Mr. Bodenheim's implacable though most lamentable ultimatum, would assure the success of very nearly anything.

William M. Spackman

Princeton University, March 21

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It was with surprise that I read the letters from your readers disapproving Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana. Your prize poem is one that I have read with genuine pleasure and understanding. It is great—and not a thousand letters can depreciate its value.

New York, March 19 John A. Neva

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I was very much interested in the letters which appeared in *The Nation* commenting on the prize poem of Eli Siegel. I should like to say a word as one who also submitted a poem for the contest.

I found high quality in the prize poem. It was the most logical award that *The Nation* could have made. In the comments on the poem there is not a single real analysis of the poem, nor is the slightest understanding of the poem shown.

The reason I say that the poem is the logical winner of the contest is because it exactly expresses the ideology of petty bourgeois liberals, and that is precisely the ideology of the institution known as *The Nation*. It is a poem of despair, of pessimism. "Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana." There were hot afternoons not only in Montana, but in millions of other places. There were hot afternoons in Montana millions of years ago and there will be hot afternoons there millions of years hence. It is all an endless process, empty, hopeless, dragging on and on—no progress, only continuity, without any prospect of anything better. Is that not the ideology of the petty bourgeoisie which sees history not as a series of progressive steps but—as an endless process? The petty bourgeoisie has no hope of a social upheaval which will sweep away the present retrogressive capitalist class and make room for the Communist system of society.

And when a poem like Siegel's comes in, the editors of *The Nation* seize upon it, it somehow rings true, it strikes a sympathetic chord in them. They don't know why, but the reason is that it expresses their whole outlook on life.

I agree with Maxwell Bodenheim that prize contests are never decided on the basis of true merit. That is inevitable; the judges are always true to themselves, and always pick out the poem which best expresses their own thoughts, ideas, feelings, tastes. *The Nation* could not have awarded the prize to Bodenheim because he is just a bit too far advanced for them, if not in ideas, at least in method.

New York, March 29 Simon Felshin

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The seven gentlemen who combined to denounce and execrate *The Nation* for awarding its annual poetry prize to Mr. Eli Siegel for his Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana seem to me to have been suffering at the same time from indigestion. It is only to some such internal physical disharmony that I can ascribe their attitude.

Now, I do not believe that Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana is a great poem, but I do believe that it is well written, that it is an attempt—yes, a passionate attempt, despite Mr. Sinclair's opinion—to express a poetic mood. The form of this poem may not appeal to us, but then, about 98 per cent of the free verse that is being written is nauseating. And, therefore, if Mr. Siegel's poem has some loveliness in it we can do no less than admire it. And I perceive a great deal of beauty in it, the beauty that manifests an intensity of emotion, an ardor that burns steadily—glowing with an indefinable brightness.

I should therefore like to advise Mr. Siegel's critics to reread his poem and then to read it again. Perhaps they will acquire the mood necessary to understand it.

New York, March 22 Samuel B. Ohlbaum

Mr. Bodenheim—And Others

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: My reasons for writing this letter, and insisting that you publish it, are strictly impersonal. Your readers have a right to know why they will never see a poem of mine in your pages. In justice to them, also, I feel I must state my opinion of "poetry" prize contests in general.

I have an intensely individual and ironically searching mind. I am a fearless and highly original creator. I scorn affiliation with all literary cliques, claques, factions, denominations, communions, sets, posses, phalanxes, families, familisteries, brotherhoods, clans, teams, communities, bodies, fellowships, sodalities, fraternities, knots, circles, coteries, clubs, casinos, corporations, guilds, companies, societies, associations, institutions, institutes, academies, alliances, Vereins, Bunds, coalitions, juntos, cabals, camarillas, camorras, brigues, tongs, breakfast-, lunch-, tea-, dinner-, supper-, and drinking-clubs, however minutely personal.

For the past four years you have consistently, maliciously,

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malignantly, unfairly, rancorously, spitefully, mordaciously, acrimoniously, harshly, disobligingly, invidiously, churlishly, cold-bloodedly, brutally, unkindly, and minutely withheld from me the honor of public recognition in your annual awards.

Apparently you consider me number two in a ranking list of contemporary American poets! If you will pardon the absurd egotism which causes me to place myself somewhat higher than that, you will doubtless also be able to realize that in my opinion "poetry" contests are not only all that Mr. Bodenheim says they are but a great many other and widely varied things besides. Mr. Bodenheim has barely scratched the surface of the subject. Naturally, I feel belittled and insulted.

The reason, I say, why no poem of mine shall ever appear in your pages is that I have never written any, and strongly doubt that I ever shall.

New York, March 21 MORRIS COLMAN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Bodenheim's grievance against *The Nation* is as nothing to mine. And I want you and these United States to hear about it as soon as possible. As to the amount of poetry published in *The Nation*, Mr. Bodenheim may have the advantage over all of us in the number of titles; but not over me at least as to absolute number of lines or relative number of musical and intelligible lines even without reckoning in those two nifty little poems you are about to print (rescued out of the luckless four thousand in the recent festival of America singing). My poems have been proclaimed top-notchers, not by two-thirds but by all of the important critics for the past twenty, not eleven, years—from Alfred Austin, the British Laureate now with God, to Ludwig Lewisohn, your own contributing editor, now (at last) in Zion: by *all* important critics, for such critics as have proclaimed them otherwise or have passed them up altogether are obviously of no importance. Nevertheless, I hope to continue to enter your poetry contests—not for my good or the public's, but for yours.

Madison, Wis., March 23 WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

Prohibition

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I noted your article The Prohibition Mess [February 4]. I think we Americans with a billion news heads, according to the compilation of the Newark Free Library, passing yearly before our eyes are not reading history and are, therefore, forgetting how long past reforms have taken.

It took fully 300 years after idolatry became a sin, in the Old Testament, for it to become an outworn custom. Again, take the abolition of the slave traffic in our Western world. After about 100 years of agitation, nation after nation in our Western world abolished the traffic, but the illicit traffic that sprang up thereafter was overwhelming and lasted for at least two generations. The United States outlawed the traffic in 1807. In 1810 Madison in his message deplored the vast illicit traffic that had sprung up. Take again, Kansas, the experiment station of prohibition. The prohibition law was passed in 1881. A flagrant illicit traffic was rampant for years after. In 1893 a commission from Canada came to study Kansas under prohibition. The cities were running wide open for the most part and the commission could not make out whether or not prohibition was beneficial, and so reported to its government. But Kansas had the same vision concerning prohibition of the liquor traffic that Isaiah had about idolatry or Wilberforce about the slave traffic. Total prohibition was the only way to clean up the evil and, therefore, one must keep on till one has worn out the unconverted minority.

That is the history of reforms. First, the long agitation for the law outlawing the evil. Then the long period to get the law enforced—to bring the pleasure loving, the indifferent, and those that want to make money out of the old evil up to what the great prophet Isaiah called "the saving remnant."

But now let us apply the idea that a national referendum would solve the difficulty of enforcement. Suppose we had taken, about 1820, a national referendum on the slave traffic. Suppose it had gone against the Abolitionists. Would they, then, have accepted the fact that the bulk of the people wanted to make money out of a villainous traffic and, therefore, there was nothing to do but let them? *They would not!* Or again, suppose the referendum had gone in favor of the reformers. Would the fashionables and the men who saw money in it have accepted that fiat of the majority? *Not for an instant!* Their pocket nerve would have been stronger than any mandate from the people concerning a *new reform*—not yet matured into *accepted custom.*

I believe that a national referendum today would favor prohibition, but it would decide nothing when won, for already State after State, even wet Massachusetts (November, 1924), has voted dry by referendum and, despite all this, the illicit vendors rampage. About all a national referendum would do would be to divert the money and the time of the temperance workers to politics, when they ought to be putting their money and time into picking up the dropped stitches of enforcement, weeding out wet appointments, federal and State; checking the flow for beverage purposes of industrial alcohol, getting agents under civil service, and keeping the lime-light turned on their courts and police. Kansas got enforcement when they read out in meeting on Sundays: "Why doesn't Judge So and So give sterner penalties for bootleggers?"

This is one solution, *local churches taking it upon themselves to make local surveys of enforcement and read out in meeting those surveys, showing precisely what courts and police are doing.* To advocate this will help far more than to advocate a national referendum.

The fact is we have prohibition today because experience in the States has shown that *prohibition enforced* is the best way to reduce (not cure) the drink evil, and experience has also shown that prohibition can be enforced (reasonably) if you keep at it long enough—a generation or two. But prohibition, like all other reforms, has to take time to wear down the unconverted minority.

There is nothing in beer and wine shops but money for brewers—and distillers, too, for experience proves that once you have a saloon anything will be sold in it. Besides, let us never forget that all the drunkenness in olden days was beer and wine drunkenness, distilled liquors not having been used as a beverage till about 1000 A. D.

On to Enforcement! That is the only slogan for a virile people headed for race survival.

Summerville, S. C., February 12 ELIZABETH H. TILTON,
National Chairman, Legislation
Congress of Parents and Teachers

Political Prisoners

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Ludwig Lore's letter in your issue of March 18 challenging the International Committee for Political Prisoners to take up the case of political prisoners in other countries than Russia suggests the usual fears of Communists whenever Soviet political persecutions are mentioned. The committee is diligently searching for the facts regarding political prisoners in other countries. But it is not helped much by inaccurate and conflicting figures such as have already been published by Communist agencies.

There is an obvious need for an impartial examination into the facts, as well as the raising of funds for relief from sources which Communists alone can not reach.

International Committee for Political Prisoners,
ROGER BALDWIN, *Temporary Chairman*
ELEANORE VON ELTZ, *Secretary*

New York, March 26

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Books and Plays

First Glance

"A FEW conjectures, a supply of admonitions, many acute isolated observations, some brilliant guesses, much oratory and applied poetry, inexhaustible confusion, a sufficiency of dogma, no small stock of prejudices, whimsies, and crotchets, a profusion of mysticism, a little genuine speculation, sundry stray inspirations, pregnant hints and random *aperçus;* of such as these, it may be said without exaggeration, is extant critical theory composed." Thus—and quite accurately—does Mr. I. A. Richards survey the chaos which he hopes to cure with his "Principles of Literary Criticism" (Harcourt, Brace: $4). Much might have been expected from his book, partly because it appears in an excellent series, the International Library of Psychology, Philosophy, and Scientific Method, and partly because Mr. Richards helped to write an earlier volume in the series, "The Meaning of Meaning," which threw a great deal of light upon problems of definition. And much, indeed, is accomplished in the way of definition. There are no admonitions, prejudices, whimsies, or crotchets; there is no oratory or applied poetry, and certainly no confusion. If there are fewer positive contributions than Mr. Richards believes there are, perhaps that is not the fault of Mr. Richards. His subject is extremely difficult and our knowledge is extremely scant. It is enough that he has packed a witty and on the whole sensible volume with acute isolated observations, brilliant guesses, stray inspirations, and pregnant hints.

He most distinguishes himself by the claim he makes for the arts. They are no plaything, he insists; nor, in case one takes them seriously, should one deal with them as if they functioned in a separate, mysterious, aesthetic realm. Aesthetic experience to him is only one phase of experience; goodness in art is not so very different from any other kind of goodness. The arts, in short, are the natural flower of human life. "They spring from and perpetuate hours in the lives of exceptional people, when their control and command of experience is at its highest, hours when the varying possibilities of existence are most . . . exquisitely reconciled, hours when habitual narrowness of interests and confused bewilderment are replaced by an intricately wrought composure. . . . They record the most important judgments we possess as to the values of experience."

The most valuable art perpetuates the most valuable experience. What, then, is value? This question has never been answered, and Mr. Richards's answer, though it may be the best possible one at present, is the weakest thing in his book. It is to his credit that he does not invent an ethical good (he is anxious "to protect the arts against the crude moralities of puritans and perverts") or a social good (he rejects Tolstoi), and that he retreats to psychology. But what of his psychology? "Anything is valuable which will satisfy an appetency without involving the frustration of some equal or more important appetency. . . . But we have still to say what 'important' stands for. . . . The importance of an impulse can be defined as the extent of the disturbance of other impulses in the individual's activities which the thwarting of the impulse involves. . . . By the extent of the loss, the range of impulses thwarted or starved, and their degree of importance, the merit of a systematization is judged. That organization which is least wasteful of human possibilities is, in short, the best." However true this may be, it is not interesting; and I am afraid that it is mystical. As he proceeds with his analysis of what happens when an artist communicates his experience Mr. Richards is frequently wise. His definitions of pleasure, emotion, memory, attitude, and communication explain many things which, so far as I know, have never been explained so intelligently before. But the heart of his argument is an organ without blood. His central dogma is as dead as any other dogma.

MARK VAN DOREN

Studies and Reprints

The Shakespeare Canon. Part II. By J. M. Robertson. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

The Disintegration of Shakespeare. By E. K. Chambers. Oxford University Press. 35 cents.

Some Problems of Shakespeare's "Henry the Fourth." By A. E. Morgan. Oxford University Press. 70 cents.

Shakespeare and Spiritual Life. By John Masefield. Oxford University Press. 75 cents.

Othello as the Tragedy of Italy. By Lilian Winstanley. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 3/6.

A Dictionary of the Characters and Proper Names in the Works of Shakespeare. By F. G. Stokes. Houghton Mifflin Company. $7.50.

The Bodley Head Quartos. Edited by G. B. Harrison. E. P. Dutton and Company. [A series of reprints of works by Greene, Harvey, Chettle, Jonson, Shakespeare, Dekker, King James I, etc. In progress; ten volumes issued to date.]

MR. J. M. ROBERTSON, little disturbed by adverse criticism or by the generally discouraging reception of the earlier instalments of his studies in the Shakespeare "Canon," continues his examination of the plays and in this new series of "detective" studies publishes what he regards as the more "disturbing" conclusions which he has reached as to the revisions which must be made in the received and orthodox views of the authenticity of the plays ascribed to Shakespeare. He subjects four more plays to dissection: "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," which he attributes to Robert Greene; "Richard II," attributed to Marlowe with some revision by Shakespeare; "The Comedy of Errors," attributed to Marlowe; and "Measure for Measure," the first draft of which he ascribes to Chapman, a draft that has been largely reworked by Shakespeare with the introduction of certain passages of authentic and magnificent Shakespearean verse. The methods by which Mr. Robertson arrives at these conclusions are by now familiar to all students of Elizabethan drama. Starting from the universally recognized fact that the form in which these early plays have come down to us is often a palimpsest in which relics of more primitive material may be detected beneath the rewriting, he undertakes a comparative analysis of the versification, diction, and vocabulary of the plays in question and those of the authors to whom he ascribes their composition. He rightly insists that resemblance of manner is more important than resemblance of theme, though similarity of subject heavily reinforces the argument from similarity of style and vocabulary. Thus, the verbal and stylistic "tics" that indicate Chapman's hand in "Measure for Measure" become more significant because of the parallels in that play to the salacious dialogue and scenes of bawdry in Chapman's canonical work. Again, the Marlovian elements in "Richard II" are not alone those of prosody, phrase, and vocabulary but of theme.

The objections to Mr. Robertson's method are as well

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known as the method itself. In reviewing the first part of "The Shakespeare Canon" the present writer remarked that Mr. Robertson had "if possible, too great a reverence for Shakespeare"; that he "held up so high a standard of his dramatic and poetic workmanship as to refuse to admit much inferior stuff which the enthusiastic traditionalist is content to accept as genuine. . . . Too often he relies (in part at least) upon the flat declaration that Shakespeare could not have written such and such a passage, ignoring the fact that the question at issue is whether he did or did not write it." In the new instalment such "flat declarations" are more seldom met with; but there is still too much reliance upon trite verbal parallels such as "utmost verge" and "furthest verge," and "Or if I live let me forget myself" and

> Or that I could forget what I have been,
> Or not remember what I must be now.

This last pair of quotations Mr. Robertson calls "a startling parallel"; he will find it difficult to convince most students that two separate authors could not arrive independently at such similarities as these. In his British Academy lecture Mr. E. K. Chambers recurs to these objections to Mr. Robertson's arguments; and he adds the telling objection of the difficulty of fitting the employment of Chapman by Shakespeare's company into the probabilities of literary history. Between 1596 and 1599 he was employed by the Admiral's Men; during the next decade he wrote no less than nine plays for the boy companies; and what we know of his temperament does not accord well with the theory that he submitted to constant revision by Shakespeare. Nor does it seem likely that any practical-minded theater-manager would continue to employ a man whose work proved so constantly in need of revision. Mr. Chambers couples Mr. Robertson's case with the case of Mr. Dover Wilson, the co-editor of the New Cambridge Shakespeare, whose theories as to the "copy" for the several plays are so ingeniously set forth in each successive volume of that edition. And Mr. Chambers concludes with some cogent arguments against the belief that the amount of revision of the Shakespeare canon was very great. My space, however, is too limited to permit even the briefest outline of Mr. Chambers's excellent discourse. The objections raised therein will have to be met by Mr. Robertson; he is a valiant debater, accustomed to give and to receive sturdy blows; and we may look forward to his rejoinder before long.

The conclusions arrived at by Professor Morgan in his lecture on the "origination" of "Henry the Fourth" might more easily be indicated in the form of a genealogical table than in words. He advances arguments for a lost play on the theme of Henry V, of date prior to 1589. This play was the common origin of "The Famous Victories" and of Shakespeare's "Henry V." Both parts of "Henry IV," as we know them, are revisions of earlier Shakespearean forms in which the comic element was much scantier and the historical element more expanded than at present. There are other minor conclusions from arguments which are too detailed and too technical to admit of summary here. Of very different character is Mr. Masefield's stately and eloquent Romanes Lecture, to have heard which in the Sheldonian Theater must have been an unforgettable experience. In reading it we see some way into Shakespeare's spirit and far into Mr. Masefield's; and there is inspiration for us in what we see.

Miss Winstanley turns from her studies of the other three greatest Shakespearean tragedies to "Othello"; and as in "Macbeth" she saw a reflection of the murder of Darnley, so in "Othello" she sees symbolically set forth the relations of Spain and Venice. Scholars are familiar with her arguments, here renewed with much force and iteration, that a large proportion of the literature of the Renaissance is symbolic or mythological in character, reflecting the high politics of the age. In view of the convincing parallels which she draws I cannot but think that her contentions have not yet received all the attention that they merit. The parallels which she notes between "Othello" and various political tracts and diatribes directed against Philip II of Spain are extraordinarily close. As an admitted instance of half-hidden symbolic purpose in an Elizabethan drama she cites Dekker's "Whore of Babylon." Massinger's "Believe as You List" might have been mentioned as an even closer parallel, since its real subject is contemporary Portuguese affairs, in the transparent disguise of a tale of ancient Carthage. Mr. Stokes's "Dictionary" supersedes all earlier lists of Shakespeare's *dramatis personae*. It includes the names of all persons and places mentioned in the text, whether historical, legendary, or mythological. A succinct summary is supplied of the part played by each character in the action of the play, together with accurate biographical data concerning such characters as are historical. Notes on the sources and dates of the plays and poems are also supplied. The work is admirably arranged and handsomely printed; it has stood most satisfactorily the test of repeated consultation; and is, what too many dictionaries claim to be, an indispensable work of reference.

I have put the ten volumes of the "Bodley Head Quartos" at the end not because they are the least important or least delightful but because, save for the reprint of the First Quarto "Hamlet," they are not Shakespearean but Elizabethan in the wider sense. Mr. Harrison supplies brief introductions to some of the volumes, so informative that one regrets that he has not been equally generous in all cases. The texts chosen are drawn from editions that are costly, long since out of print, and often inaccessible. The reprints are verbatim save for the correction of obvious printer's errors. The reprints are accurate in the extreme (so far as I have been able to test them) save in the case of Jonson's Conversations with Drummond, where a fresh transcript of the Edinburgh manuscript has unfortunately resulted in two or three misreadings. The general object of the series is to reprint rare and interesting pieces of Elizabethan prose and verse, the preference being given to those that reflect vividly the life of the time. The full series of Greene's "Conny-Catching" pamphlets is included, with related pieces of literature. Witchcraft is represented by the "Daemonologie" and the "Newes from Scotland." Dekker tells of "The Wonderful Year" (i.e., 1603, the year of Elizabeth's death, James's succession, and a terrible visitation of the plague). Kempe's delightful "Nine Daies Wonder" is in a volume with Chettle's "King-Hartes Dreame." And there is other equally acceptable matter. The convenient reprint of the 1603 "Hamlet" is specially noteworthy for Mr. Harrison's introduction, in which he sets forth briefly his theory that this text was taken down stenographically in the theater. Mr. Harrison promises to develop this theory shortly at greater length elsewhere; discussion of it may therefore be postponed. Meanwhile these Quartos, so excellent alike in appearance and substance, may be given the heartiest recommendation.

SAMUEL C. CHEW

Experimenting with Education

Experimental Practice in the City and Country School. By Caroline Pratt and Lulu E. Wright. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

IN education as in politics there is an extreme right as well as an extreme left, but the cry of bolshevism is less effective here than elsewhere. The disposition to regard our institutions as finished products is stronger in politics than in education. The difference is perhaps attributable in some measure to the fact that the break with an aristocratic tradition is more recent in the latter case than in the former. At any rate there seems to be a prevailing sense that democracy as applied to our public schools is still in the making, and this fact constitutes an immense antecedent advantage for programs of educational reform.

Both the theory and the practice recorded in the present

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volume are interesting exemplifications of a significant and characteristic shift of emphasis in modern education. The City and Country School, it should be explained, owes its name to the fact that it originally maintained a school vacation farm. It was also known as the Play School. Its purpose as stated in the preface is "to study the interests and abilities of the growing child as they are manifested, to supply an environment that, step by step, shall meet the needs of his development, stimulate his activities, and orient him in his enlarging world, and that shall at the same time afford him effective experiences in social living." The program is not new. Much of it can be traced back directly to Rousseau, and all of it has become part of our modern orthodox faith. What the City and Country School has attempted to do, however, is to translate this faith into terms of everyday educational practice. This attempt was made "by discarding, at the beginning of its work, all the traditional preconceptions that govern the standard practice of our schools today." Instead of the conventional course of study the activities of the pupil are centered on play, on handwork, and on trips, together with training in reading, spelling, and the like.

The progressive verification or transformation of the experience of the learner is a sound educational ideal. It is an ideal that is endangered in the present enthusiasm for "specific objectives." The conception of education embodied in this volume is indicated by the attitude taken toward tests and measurements. It is conceded that achievement tests are useful for measuring specific training, but, in the language of Dewey, "training has nothing to do with education." There is real education only in so far as the learner uses educational subject matter for the rebuilding of his world. "A person is trained by another, but he educates himself" (p. 51).

The difficulties of a program such as the City and Country School has set for itself are apparent. For example, in dealing with the tendency of children to play it is one thing to interpret this tendency as an effort to secure more complete and intimate experiences, and quite another thing to direct the play tendency so that significant experiences will result from it. It is one thing to realize that the selection and organization of subject matter in our courses of study have a certain artificiality from the standpoint of the growing mind and quite another to furnish a content organization that really gets somewhere. The opportunities for making mistakes are numerous, and it is not surprising that programs of this general sort have frequently been rather disappointing. There is always the danger either that "training" will reestablish itself in more or less disguised form or that the energies of the pupils will be spent in activities that are trifling and lacking in disciplinary quality.

How successfully the City and Country School avoids these evils it is impossible to judge with assurance from a reading of the book. At one point in particular, however, the book furnishes ground for misgiving. It is argued that the groups in the school should not be encouraged in self-government, for the reason that the judgment of the youngsters needs to be "trained upon something less changeable than human material." Whether or not this view is inherently sound we need not stop to consider. It is certainly an incongruous element in a scheme of education that takes its point of departure from the view that education must orient the individual in his enlarging world and "at the same time afford him effective experiences in social living." The argument that "youth is particularly not to be trusted to pass judgment upon others"—as though there were any way of preventing it!—has a disquieting resemblance to the view that youth is incapable of reasoning until it has reached the period of adolescence. In spite of such criticism, however, there is much in this educational philosophy that is sound, and the disposition to embody theory in practice is bound to mean much for education in the future.

B. H. Bode

Portrait of a Misfit

My Daughter Helen. By Allan Monkhouse. Harcourt, Brace & Company. $2.

THERE are certain people who cannot so much as enter a room without compelling an immediate readjustment in the relationships of all those who were there before them. They cause a stir in the vestibule; they create a disturbance on the threshold, and by the time they have made a place for themselves in the group no one is in precisely the same mood as before—or is able to regain it. Such people are not necessarily domineering; they simply lack the power of finding a proper niche in their environment. And the effect of the disturbance is permanent; a new and an artificial balance has been established which their departure will emphasize but not dispel. It is a psychological study of this sort which Mr. Monkhouse has undertaken in "My Daughter Helen"—a novel of keen, ironic insight and sound values.

The story is narrated by Helen's father, who is the first to perceive that when Marmaduke Abney—gay, brilliant, unstable—steps across the threshold of his daughter's life and his, fate has decreed the beginning of a readjustment destined to be endless. For, as he remarks, "Marmaduke, of course, is the villain of the piece, and not so much of a villain either. In my old-fashioned way I may put it that he lacked principle. He took no thought for the morrow and, though one agrees that it is easy to take too much, you must take some. Those who don't, force others to do it for them, and they are anything down to mean brutes." Marmaduke does not go all the way down the scale, perhaps, but he imposes upon those about him to an extent which is quite as calamitous as if he had. Helen herself perceives the thorny path which she has chosen for herself when she declines to accompany another suitor along a safe highway and marries Marmaduke. But there is a glamor about him which even her father is not blind to. Everyone is hopeful and helpful, yet hopefulness and helpfulness are frail weapons with which to combat the instability of character and the bundle of contradictory impulses which make up Marmaduke. He is a remnant of faded aristocracy, resentful toward a world in which he is a misfit. He becomes a father, but ceases to be a lover; he diminishes in every relationship; commits a forgery, and goes to prison for five years. The process of readjustment which he has set in motion continues; father and daughter, having lost their former intimacy in affection, try to build some substitute upon the shifting sand of a common liability, and when Marmaduke returns the futile effort to adjust themselves to him and him to the world goes on. It only stops—or, more accurately speaking, loses its momentum—when the source of it, having tried many vocations and failed in many capacities, philosophically disappears. Even then the artificial balance of life which he has imposed remains. And the father, who started out by being Marmaduke's major antagonist, is left curiously at the finish as his sole sympathetic interpreter—a concluding stroke which Mr. Monkhouse achieves by the deftest artistry.

Lisle Bell

The Microcosm of New York

Around the World in New York. By Konrad Bercovici. The Century Company. $5.

MR. BERCOVICI'S New York is not the imperial bawd of the immigrant's dream, yielding her golden favors easily to the first passer-by. It is certainly not, for all his references to the American background, the melting-pot of the one hundred percenter, where the newcomer is whittled into a pattern to take his place in the glorious army of Democracy. Nor is it the granite nightmare of a drunken god, the avatar of Rome or Babylon, money-lender to the world, city of cliff-dwellers and man-sewers. The first two are vaguely intimated in this

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book. The latter will have to await its Carl Sandburg. Mr. Bercovici's New York is more like the crazy canvas of a German ultra-modernist, a splash of primary colors in loud disharmony, unmixed as yet by the assimilating brush. He has endeavored to see it with the serious eye of the reporter and the understanding eye of the lover, but he has really looked at it with the eye of the exotic story-teller that he is. He has seen little more than the colorful, the superficially picturesque, the romantic, and the exotic. His story of Malupa, the young Syrian cocotte, or of Viva, the languorous Cuban *señorita* whom he and Ben Benn, the painter, wooed in vain, are not the only indications that he would rather tell a story than discourse ponderously on the influence, for instance, of South American revolutionists on American political thought.

To ask him for sociology would be to ask pears from a fig tree. The book therefore must not be taken literally as a guide to the real foreign New York. The chapter on Negro Harlem, to cite only one instance, is very disappointing. For Garveyism Mr. Bercovici has but one paragraph. The awakening social and artistic consciousness of the Negro he mentions only casually. And though he mentions several of the older Harlem intellectuals, the younger men, who certainly bear a greater burden of promise than the older (Claude MacKay, for instance, has more than a formidable rival in Countée P. Cullen, who is not long out of his teens), he passes by in silence. Most of the chapter he devotes to a description of Harlem cabaret life, and to funny stories that have no significance outside of *Judge* or *Life*. His chapter on Spain and South America, and those on France and on China are no less superficial. Against Greece and Poland Mr. Bercovici freely indulges his nationalistic prejudices. And his chapter on Greenwich Village, as some one rather maliciously remarked to the reviewer, was written to attest his genuine democracy—Mr. Bercovici does not care who knows that he is intimate with the Village's celebrities.

And yet, for all its shortcomings, when details have been forgotten the book lingers in the memory as a finely successful attempt to chart the wilderness of foreign Manhattan. And the amateur metropolitan explorer will find it of unusual value, for although Mr. Bercovici has sometimes indulged his fancy, or for the sake of art has exaggerated a little, yet he has left no quarter unvisited that was of any interest, no corner unturned that might bear the promise of a discovery. Mr. Brochardt's illustrations and the author's chaste, almost Doric, prose add no small measure of charm to a book in itself altogether charming.

ELISEO VIVAS

Mr. Sitwell Becomes Baroque

Southern Baroque Art. By Sacheverell Sitwell. Alfred A. Knopf. $6.

THIS volume of essays is a fascinating if bewildering study of baroque manifestations in art, music, and architecture in Italy and Spain of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It is a valuable repository of recondite information concerning painters and architects of the period and of their works—works now strangely forgotten or undervalued. The creations of these artists, who are, for the most part, lesser masters, are interpreted by Mr. Sitwell in terms of the civilization, the spiritual life which gave them their peculiar character. Certain aspects of this life are imaginatively recreated in a glowing style which is baroque in itself; it is a style complicated by an intricate mosaic of gorgeous images as redundant as one of the pilasters of the baroque Sacristy of the Cartuja at Granada. Mr. Sitwell's imaginative reconstructions are beautiful in themselves and immensely illuminating historically, but not infrequently they are so loosely insinuated into the texture of fact that only by very careful perusal can the reader avoid confusion.

The first essay in the book is characteristic of the method employed in all the others. It begins on a sunny day in Naples in the time of Solimena with a colorful description of a huge picture upon which the great painter himself is at work. Then the reader is suddenly whisked off to visit various famous villas, monasteries, and palaces, all near or within Naples. He is led through the Villa Palagonia and introduced to its shuddering Prince among his stone hussars and writhing monsters. Then the scene shifts to the horrible waxwork world of the Certosa of Bagheria; then to other edifices which house characteristic paintings and frescoes by such painters as Tiepolo, Sebastiano Conca, and Luca Giordano—he of the gigantic counterfeits. Next the vast family palaces of Naples are described with the curious staircases designed by Ferdinando Sanfelice. Then, for an example of the magnificent scale of living affected by the Neapolitan nobility, the reader is transported to the Esterhazy estate in Hungary. This picture is succeeded by a vivid recreation of a serenade at the famous palace at Caserta which was designed by Vanvitelli for Charles III. All this diverse material is not easily consolidated in one chapter. Despite its brilliance of presentation, it tends to fall apart in the reader's mind. There is no immediately recognized principle of unity.

So it is with the other essays. In the second essay, called Les Indes Galantes, warring artistic influences in the Spain of Philip II are allegorized; and an imaginary expedition to the Indies is set forth in great detail as it was supposed to have been dreamed by the banqueters at a feast in the Escurial. The third essay deals chiefly with the virtuosity of the great singer Farinelli, the scenic painting of the Bibbiena, and the architectural marvels of Churriguerra. The last essay, called Mexico, is the easiest of all to follow. It contains an excellent exposition of the work of the Creole architect, Tresguerras, and closes with a sickeningly realistic account of a bull fight. In all the essays Mr. Sitwell overwhelms his reader by sheer abundance of materials; but whoever possesses reasonable patience will garner much fantastic information illuminated by the flame of a fine historical imagination.

GLEN MULLIN

Books in Brief

The Citadel of Freedom. A Brief Study of the Constitution and Its Builders, and of the Movement to Destroy It. By Randolph Leigh. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

Mr. Leigh, who organized and directed the National Oratorical Contest on the Constitution which ran the rounds of the schools and the newspapers in 1923-24, has written a book on the Constitution which the publishers have thoughtfully spared reviewers the trouble of appraising. According to the jacket announcement which accompanies the volume, "the story of the Constitution" is "told with swift eloquence," "almost 200 years of political development" are "described in barely 200 pages," and "the first dollars-and-cents challenge of the initiative, referendum, and recall" is flung down for whom or whatsoever it may concern. As the book appears to meet in all respects the promises of the prospectus, there is nothing in particular to add by way of further description except to say that Mr. Leigh, who marshals statistics to show that the per capita cost of government is greater in States that have the initiative, referendum, and recall than in those that do not, perceives in these devices a grave menace to our constitutional system; and that anyone who wishes to read the winning orations for which $5,000 in prizes was paid in the oratorical contest referred to may find them in an appendix.

Czechoslovakia. Edited by Dr. Joseph Gruber. The Macmillan Company. $2.

A series of essays by eminent authorities covering Czecho-Slovakia's economic as well as political problems. In a strictly impartial manner the authors deal with the details of the establishment and building up of the Czech republic. The emergence into leadership of a small nation which for cen-

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turies had been a vassal of a powerful neighbor is one of the most dramatic chapters of contemporary European history, and a description of the details is a meritorious undertaking. Special attention is due to the chapter entitled Government Finance, contributed by Dr. Karel English, Czecho-Slovakia's capable minister of finance, to whom the young republic owes the stabilization of its currency.

When Israel Is King. By Jerome and Jean Tharaud. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.

The Tharaud brothers have a reputation for seeing the world's history in terms of the "Jewish menace." They succeeded in solving the Hungarian problem by discovering that the numerous revolutions of that country had been engineered by the Jews. The Karolyi revolution, as well as the short-lived Soviet regime, was the work of Jewish conspirators intent upon setting up a realm in which Israel should be the king. If the authors set their heart upon inciting to racial hatred they have achieved their purpose. The book is full of evidence of their racial animosity and of distorted accounts of historic events.

Poems. By John Skelton. London: William Heinemann. 15 shillings.

Prepared by Richard Hughes, himself a poet, this is a welcome edition of the best poems by the zestful Tudor laureate who immortalized Elynour Rummynge. The text necessarily follows the early spelling, but there is no critical apparatus to frighten the general reader—who, it is hoped, will here discover a new and excellent poet.

William Mason. A Study in Eighteenth-Century Culture. By John W. Draper. New York University Press.

An exhaustive study of an exceedingly minor author. Mr. Draper's research has been diligent; his criticism is marred by the logomachy which besets all those scholars who persist in talking about "neo-classicism" and "romanticism."

The World of Today. Edited by Sir Harry Johnston and Dr. Haden Guest. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Volumes 3 and 4. Each $5.

The concluding volumes of this superficial but perhaps popularly useful compilation.

Casanova's Escape from the Leads. Translated by Arthur Machen. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.25.

A thrilling extract from Mr. Machen's privately printed translation of the famous "Memoirs," describing Casanova's adventures in the Venetian prison from which he made his way to France.

Drama

The Great Surrender

IN the scheme of nature parenthood is the beginning of death. As soon as any animal has produced its offspring, its period of development and growth has come to an end; and if it continues to live, its only function is to aid those offspring to reach maturity. Man alone, and he but feebly, has resisted this decree of nature, and even man, unless he be sustained by some purpose abnormally strong like the purpose of the artist, yields insensibly to it. Almost without being aware of the fact he surrenders himself to his home, and in the vast majority of cases he ceases to have any purpose save that of maintaining and serving it. Biologically he is performing his only appropriate function, socially he has become what is called, and properly called, "a good father"; but in another important sense death has already overtaken him. He has ceased to think of becoming in himself anything more than he is or of following out for their own sakes the promptings of his mind and heart; he has had his chance to discover and to create, and now he steps quietly into second place, comforting himself, if he be self-conscious enough to require comforting, with the pathetic hope that his children will live with a completeness which has not been his. The great artist, said Bernard Shaw, has always been notoriously a bad father, and the term artist should be extended to include all who have either any mastering purpose or any keen thirst for life. The "best fathers" are those who yield most easily to nature's demand; those who have purposes of their own do not yield easily.

In this conflict between the purpose of man and the purpose of nature is the material of great drama. E. Temple Thurston has employed it in his play, "The Blue Peter" (Fifty-second Street Theater), and employed it as a dramatist should by presenting a perfectly concrete case which suggests, without ever ceasing to be a completely individual incident, the general truth of which it is an illustration. He has chosen the moment when a man, just awaking from the intoxication of love, first realizes what has happened to him, and this also is well. But because of a somewhat fumbling technique, Mr. Thurston has failed to realize the full possibilities of his material, and he has produced a play which is undoubtedly good without being as good as it should and could have been. His story of a young mining engineer who, after finding in Africa the freedom and adventure which mean life to him, has returned to marry the girl he loves and has settled down upon an office stool is a story which admirably embodies his theme; and in the second scene, where the young man, half tempted to leave his wife for another voyage to Africa, presents to her his case, the playwright has come firmly to grips with his material. This scene, moreover, is excellently written; but no sooner has it thus raised the expectations of the audience than the author relaxes his grasp, and never again does he succeed in achieving quite so direct a confrontation of opposing forces. He seems hardly to know what to do with a situation so powerful as that upon which he has happened, and he gets out of it as expeditiously as he can.

There is, I think, a certain lack of intellectual integrity in the play because the means by which the hero is brought finally to accept his situation smack rather too much of the theater. But there is an even more obvious lack of technical playwriting skill. For the author does not seem to see clearly which incidents of his story contain the essence of his theme. Instead of beginning where the play obviously begins, namely, in the second scene, he has written a completely irrelevant melodramatic prologue which deals with one of the hero's adventures in Africa; and instead of holding fast to his theme when once he had found it he wanders off once again to describe the picturesque but irrelevant denizens of a seaman's bar. Undoubtedly he knows what his central idea is, for he returns to it again and again; but he lacks either the competence or the capacity to develop it with the consistency and the thoroughness which it demands. He cannot quite keep it clear from the story of adventure which forms its background. One cannot help feeling that had he kept the play by him for a little longer time, stripping it more completely of its irrelevancies and developing more fully the material which he had in his hands, he might have made of it a great play. As it stands it is hardly that. It is never dull, and it has its moments of real power; but it is decidedly imperfect. Marjorie Vonnegut gives a very appealing performance as the wife and Margaret Wycherly is, as usual, good. The rest of the company is competent but not distinguished.

The only other dramatic productions of the week have been revivals. That delightfully ingenious comedy "Beggar on Horseback" is playing a return engagement at the Shubert Theater, with Roland Young still in the cast; and at the Globe is being presented an elaborate production of "The Little Minister" with Ruth Chatterton in the leading role. Barrie's play seems pretty trifling, and convincing neither as romance nor as realism. Miss Chatterton, thought by some too cute for words, seems to me to be merely intolerably fidgety.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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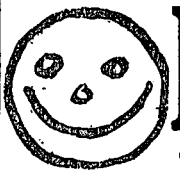
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MR. GILBERT SELDES, author of "The Seven Lively Arts," will contribute a monthly article on the lively art of the movies, beginning in the issue of April 29, not only reviewing the most interesting of the current pictures, but announcing certain general conclusions that he has come to regarding contemporary films.

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International Relations Section

Birth Control in Holland

By ALETTA H. JACOBS

HOLLAND in 1882 was the only European country which did not forbid by law the giving of contraceptive information. This of course did not prevent the medical and clerical world from trying in every possible way to hinder the spread of birth-control knowledge. Since 1882 there have been a number of very strong conservative governments in Holland which have tried to have the law changed. They have made it illegal for shopkeepers to display contraceptive instruments in the shop windows and for information to be given to women who say they do not wish it. But even with the present clerical government, a coalition of Roman Catholics and Calvinists, it has not been possible to change radically the law of 1882. Today there are two societies which are concerned with the distribution of birth-control information and literature. The governing board of both societies is made up of men and women of the working class; a paper is published and widely distributed; in each issue a list of addresses is printed where women may obtain reliable information.

The results of the general use of contraceptive methods during almost fifty years are most interesting. From 1850 to 1880 the birth-rate increased steadily and reached its highest point with 37.6 births to 1,000 inhabitants. From 1880 the birth-rate began to decrease until in 1920 there were 19.3 births. Notwithstanding this decrease of nearly 50 per cent the total population has been increasing each year. As soon as the birth-rate began to fall the number of deaths decreased also and the fall of the death-rate was proportionately greater than the decrease in births. The death-rate at its highest point was 31 to 1,000 inhabitants; in 1923 it was only 10.5.

The lower death-rate has been mainly due to a lower infant mortality. In 1880, of every 100 children born alive, 27 died during the first year; now only 5.7 die. This extremely low rate is in part due to better living conditions. Higher standards of living are in turn possible because of the fewer children. For instance it has been observed that in each of the two Roman Catholic provinces where contraceptive methods are not used generally, natality and mortality are much higher than in the nine other provinces.

Thus the fear of the opponents of birth control that a general knowledge of contraceptive methods among the people would mean race suicide is at least not true for Holland. On the contrary there is still the danger of overpopulation. Whereas in 1880 there were 121.6 people living on one square kilometer of land, in 1920 there were 210 and at the end of 1923, 221.2. That is approximately 353.5 to the square mile. In spite of these figures the present clerical government continues to encourage the people to have numerous children by giving families with more than two children extra wages, by decreasing their taxes, and by making special housing provision for them. In order to balance the birth- and death-rate, births must still fall to about 10 or 12 to 1,000 inhabitants.

A second accusation made against birth control, particularly in the United States, is that it would result in a great increase of extra-marital relations which would in turn decrease the actual number of marriages. This, too, has not been true for Holland. Since 1880 the number of marriages has increased and the average age for marriage is lower. In 1880 there were in every 100 marriages 5.90 in which the wife was under 25 years of age; in 1923, there were 9.06 out of 100. In 1880 there were 7.5 marriages to 1,000 inhabitants and this had increased to 8 in 1923.

It is difficult of course to say whether immorality is greater in a country like Holland where there is no law against the distribution of contraceptive information than in the United States where it is forbidden. By all the tests which are usually applied it has not increased in Holland. Surely the morality of women is not worth much if the knowledge of how to prevent an undesired pregnancy will make them immoral. The mass of the people in the United States and in the Roman Catholic provinces in Holland do not realize that contraceptive information has no inherent connection with indecency, that it is rather a part of modern science and should be so recognized before the law.

There are in every country a certain number of people who prefer extra-marital relations to marriage. To what extent any one country is immoral in this way is often estimated by the number of illegitimate children born. By this measure Holland ranks as a highly moral community. In the past year there were only 19.1 illegitimate babies to every 1,000 babies born alive. In comparison with other European countries this is an extremely low percentage; for example, England in the same year had 43.4; Scotland, 70.9; France, 87.9; Belgium, 64.1; and in the Scandinavian countries the percentage was even higher.

This very low number of illegitimate children in Holland, it is said, is due to the general use of contraceptive measures. If this is true should we not be thankful that a means exists to prevent the conception of these unwanted little human beings? Is it not of the greatest value to society at large, and much better for the unmarried woman, that her behavior does not bring a child into the world for whom there is no decent place on earth? Some persons believe that the birth of a child must be the punishment for the unsocial deed of the mother, but such hypocrites forget that the punishment in the first place falls upon the head of the innocent child and that society usually has to suffer.

Who Killed Matteotti?*

FROM a source in Italy which cannot be disclosed, but which *The Nation* knows to be trustworthy, we have received the following "memorial" containing fragments of evidence regarding the Matteotti murder which implicate high officials of the Italian Government, including Mussolini himself. Appended to the document itself are instructions to anti-Fascists into whose hands it falls. The memorial is dated June 14, 1924, but was published secretly in February, 1925, at Florence and is being copied and passed from hand to hand in anti-Fascist circles. The "cast of characters" with which we introduce the letter was provided by our informant as a key to the persons and publications involved.

FILIPPELLI: Director of the official Fascist newspaper, *Corriere Italiano*, which received subventions from the Fascist Party and from prominent industrialists. Man of slight education. Now in prison charged with complicity in the Matteotti murder.

* The background of the Matteotti murder was discussed by James Fuchs in *The Nation* for July 30, 1924.

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DUMINI: Man of obscure past. Now in prison charged with being the material author of the Matteotti murder. It was notorious that he frequented the office of Cesare Rossi, in the Viminal Palace, the Ministry of the Interior.

POPOLO D'ITALIA: Daily newspaper founded by Mussolini, directed by his brother Arnaldo, in Milan.

CESARE ROSSI: Formerly head of the press department of the Ministry of the Interior, of which Mussolini was minister. Formerly close friend of Mussolini. Relieved of office; now in prison charged with organizing Matteotti murder. Reputed head of Fascist "cheka."

PUTATO: Of obscure past. Now in prison charged with directly assisting Matteotti murder.

MISURI: Prominent Perugia Fascist. When he showed signs of independent judgment was beaten up by unknown persons, now supposed to be Dumini and Putato. He is now one of the leaders of the dissident Fascist movement.

FORNI: Exactly the same.

MARINELLI: Secretary of the Fascist Party and in charge of the party funds. Now in prison charged with organizing the Matteotti murder.

QUILICI: Managing editor of the *Corriere Italiano*. Arrested and questioned for several days in connection with the Matteotti murder, then released.

DE BONO: General in the Italian army, military expert directing the March on Rome, then generalissimo of the National Fascist Militia, and director of the national police. Now under accusation before the Senate (constituted as supreme court of Italy) for complicity in the Matteotti murder. Relieved of office soon after the murder.

FINZI: Formerly under-secretary of the Department of the Interior, virtually minister with full power. Reputed the right-hand man of Mussolini. As effective Minister of the Interior was immediate superior of General De Bono and of the whole national police. Reputed a daring and successful (and unscrupulous) financial speculator. Relieved of office soon after the Matteotti murder. Reputed the "angel" of the official *Corriere Italiano*, who secured its subsidies, therefore (with Rossi) Filippelli's direct chief.

BAZZI: Reputed shrewd speculator. Director of pro-Fascist newspaper, *Il Nuovo Paese*. He left Italy soon after the Matteotti murder and has never returned. Subsidies were withdrawn from his paper, whereafter it turned anti-Fascist and finally died.

The memorial is printed in the form of a bulletin headed: "Non Mollare (Don't Weaken); Bulletin of Information during the 'Fascist Regime.' He who receives the bulletin is morally bound to circulate it"; and the following paragraphs introduce the text:

To prevent the publication of the Filippelli memorial and other incriminating documents, the accomplices who are still at liberty have suppressed the opposition press and have intensified police measures. In consequence the publication must be made by the clandestine press.

We publish integrally, with the same errors, with the same punctuation, and printing in italics the passages underlined in the original, the memorial set down by Filippelli four days after the crime, before fleeing for Genoa, where only thanks to the intervention of persons not connected with the police could he be arrested.

The asterisks* which interrupt the text from time to time indicate the end of the several pages. The words "pen changed" on the sixth page occur in the original to explain the change of handwriting.

TEXT OF THE FILIPPELLI MEMORIAL

Dumini is very well known to the President of the Council, the Honorable Mussolini, since the time—before the March on

* No asterisks appear in the translated copy in our possession.—EDITOR.

NON-MACHINE-MADE

We are impressed as never before by the distinctive character of the stories in Scribner's Magazine.

* * *

The April Scribner's Magazine, now current, contains: "Tropical Heat and White Men," by Isa Urquhart Glenn.

"Bachelors on Horseback," by Roger Burlingame.

"Jonesy Gets His Swim," by Edwin C. Dickenson.

The first two are revelations of character, striking and unusual.

The other is a humorous story, for which Scribner's Magazine is becoming known.

* * *

In the May number, which will appear soon, the fiction includes: "Mrs. Renwick Plays Her Game," by Ruth Robinson Blodgett; "The Man Who Had Been Away," by Emerson Low; "Wrath," by McCready Huston.

* * *

One of the greatest stories we have published will appear in the June number—"The Bridegroom," by Clarke Knowlton.

* * *

In the same number are three other stories: "The Last Appeal," a college reunion story that is different, by Arthur Hobson Quinn; "Lines on the Portrait of a Lady," by Edward C. Venable; "Apples of Gold or Pictures of Silver," by Lawrence S. Morris.

* * *

Most of these writers may be unknown to you, for many of them are young writers whose work was selected because they bring a freshness and originality with it.

* * *

Their work rounds out Scribner's Magazine—essays, criticism, articles, poetry and fiction, all bearing that stamp of vigor, of skill, of enthusiasm, of intelligence.

* * *

The May Scribner's Magazine leads off with Katherine Fullerton Gerould, Roland Young, Edith Wharton and Theodore Roosevelt.

* * *

The June number is led by a feature of which you will hear details later—and more after it appears than before, we wager.

* * *

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Rome—he gave himself the name of Bianchi either to escape the searches of the police for things he did as an enthusiastic Fascist, or to avoid possible reprisals on the part of the Reds.

I knew him at the Popolo d'Italia.

Therefore a faithful and trusted person.

Dumini is a *friend* not only of Mussolini, but of Cesare Rossi and of other personalities of the Government and of the National Fascist Party—Dumini was presented to me and *cordially* recommended by C. Rossi. I took him on as traveling inspector of the *Corriere Italiano* together with Putato.

In view of the negative character of his work and not wishing to dismiss him in order not to throw him practically on the streets, and out of deference to Rossi and other friends, I kept him on the *Corriere* at ½ pay. I did the same with Putato. They came to the paper only rarely and at night.

They were always at the Viminal.

Dumini (1) was commissioned to execute the assault on Misuri (2) to *work* in France; (3) recently to attack Forni at the Milan railway station, under *superior orders*, Mussolini knowing and conniving.

All this has never been a subject of concern to me, because, being a *faithful follower*, at the same time reproving—as I have demonstrated with the revisionist campaign of the *Corriere Italiano—violence*—I have always thought that *he* or *they* who were assuming the moral responsibility of these acts were better able to judge than I.

Because I personally and the *Corriere* possessed several automobiles, *everybody* asked me for machines. Rossi used one of my *Ansaldos* for months running. Few of the Fascisti resident in Rome have not used and *abused* my machines for whole days and weeks.

This to begin with.

Monday—the 9th of June, 1924—Dumini asked me for a machine for three or four days.

He told me he was helping some of his ex-combatant friends who had come to Rome for the Congress, and that I would be doing a favor also to Rossi and Marinelli.

Accustomed—as everybody knows—to being generously compliant, having always given everything I could, and even more to *all* (pen changed) I let Dumini make use of a machine which I had hired the previous Saturday from the Trevi garage (via Crociferi) for the *Corriere*.

Since Dumini told me that he would drive the machine himself in order to make more room for his friends, the combatants, who wished to make a tour in the suburbs, I issued the well-known letter. I planned thus to reimburse myself for possible damage holding back the amount of his wages, 1,500 Lire. I knew nothing more until Tuesday evening about 12 o'clock.

Tuesday between 7 and 8 o'clock in the evening I went with my two chauffeurs Gigi and Tonino to Anzio together with Signora Freddi, her sister, Avvocato Campanelli of the *Popolo d'Italia* and Avvocato Valente, who frequents the office of Commendatore Luigi Freddi at the Headquarters of the Fascist Party.

Returning at 8 o'clock to the newspaper office, nothing unusual struck me. I went to dinner about 9:45 on the Pincio, where I remained until after 11:30 with Commendatore Benedetto *Fasciolo*, secretary to Mussolini. At the newspaper office, at 12 I found Dumini and Putato speaking *quietly* with Commendatore Quilici, editor in chief of the *Corriere*. Dumini entered my office with a parcel of newspapers and asked me to find a place to keep the machine overnight. Becoming suspicious, I demanded information and he replied that he had acted in conformity with *precise* orders from Rossi and Marinelli *formally authorized by Mussolini*. He talked to me of many things, among them of a certain Russian who had been for several weeks in Rome.

Very much concerned, but dubious about taking a clear decision, I asked Quilici to keep the machine overnight in his garage. Dumini asked me to keep quiet, that everything would be put right the following day.

But I, alarmed at the notice of Matteotti's disappearance, the next day, Wednesday, went *immediately* to hunt for Rossi. (In regard to Matteotti, I had my reporters write the version until then current: the kidnapping machine a gray Fiat, both because I did not yet think of it as having been done by Dumini, and because, out of loyalty to the Government, I wanted first to warn those who might have ordered it.)

Wednesday morning, Rossi in his turn industriously hunted me up, while I was looking for him, to tell me

1. that Dumini had reported that he had used the machine which I had lent in good faith
2. that the affair was serious
3. that the President, Honorable *Mussolini, knew everything*
4. that he (Rossi) and Marinelli had given orders after coming to an understanding with Mussolini
5. that it was necessary at all costs to keep the matter quiet, otherwise Mussolini himself would be ruined.

These declarations of Rossi dispensed me from a *formal denunciation*.

Nevertheless I thought it well to tell De Bono, Finzi, Marinelli, and others the same day (Wednesday).

I learned from Finzi and the others:

1. that the victim of the Dumini assault was Matteotti.
2. that the order to suppress him had come from the Cheka of the National Fascist Party, the material executants being Dumini and others known—also for this their most recent specific act—to Mussolini himself.
3. that they had talked with Mussolini on Wednesday.
4. that Mussolini had even received papers and the passport of Honorable Matteotti *as proof of his disappearance*.
5. that it was necessary to have *calm* in order to set everything right.
6. he begged me to prevent the machine, furnished by me with my usual generous good faith, being discovered. *Question of State. The regime is in peril* he kept repeating to me.

Mussolini was in danger of losing his position and his head.

What was I to do?

Every word and gesture of mine could compromise Mussolini. *I say Mussolini himself personally*, and for the moment I kept silent. Especially because Marinelli and Rossi narrated to me *Wednesday* and *Thursday* dramatic conversations with the *DUCE*. (!!)

Nevertheless I went Thursday evening to Finzi's house (where I was courteously received by his wife and his sister-in-law) to tell him that I could not longer live under this incubus, which I demanded should be fixed up, *especially in the moral sense*. They gave me assurances. The same assurances were given me Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday by De Bono, who among many other things advised me:

1. to publish Dumini's letter.
2. he told me that he had arranged for the *disappearance of the traces of the crime (which?)*.

These traces were presumably some bloody clothes which Dumini had with him *at the moment of his arrest*.

Dumini remained at Rome until Thursday evening.

Wednesday I saw him by chance about 9 o'clock in the Colonna Galleries and he told me that, by arrangement with Marinelli and Rossi, he would go the next day to take back the machine from the house of Commendatore Quilici *who was ignorant of everything*. But on the contrary about one o'clock Thursday Dumini came to me at the office telling me—always in the name of Marinelli and Rossi and through them of the *regime*, that he could not risk taking away the machine. Then I, conquered once more by generosity, fearing grave consequences for Mussolini, ordered my chauffeur to take it away.

Afterwards, *the rest is known*.

Prof. Carlo *Bazzi*, who several days previously furnished his machine, according to Dumini and Rossi, *knows everything*.

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Also because he was present at my dramatic conversations in the house of Rossi in which I demanded the *moral liberation* of my person, *guilty of having believed in Mussolini.*

Bazzi accompanied Dumini to the station the evening the latter was arrested.

Rome, June 14, 1924. FILIPPO FILIPPELLI

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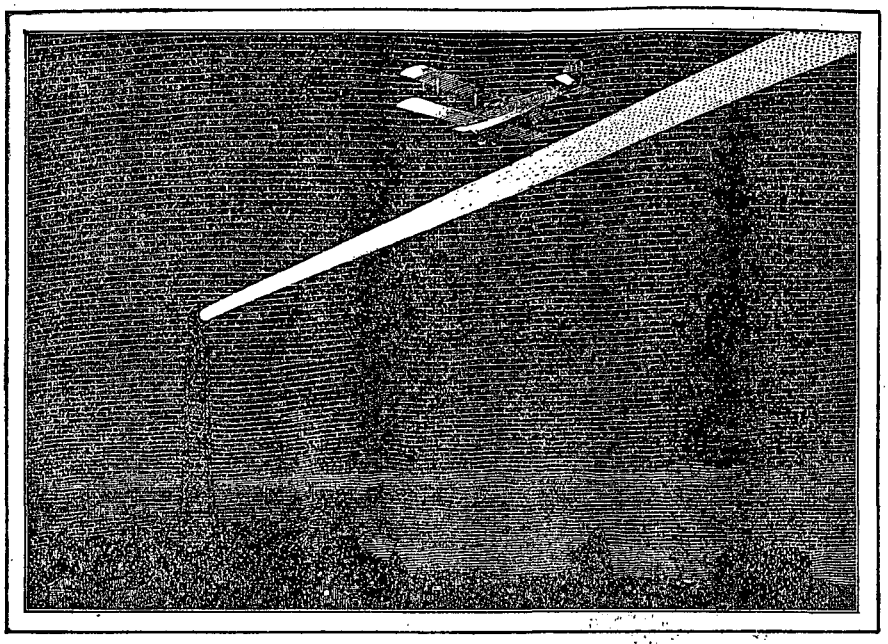

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